

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

FRIENDS AND THEIR WAYS.*

WE are always thankful to have our minds drawn towards books which familiarize us with the words and faces of members of the Society of Friends. Singular enough for a people so business-like, there is very little that suggests or helps in the way of visible church organization. The history of their Society seems plainly to teach us that in a world so devoted to sense, so made up of sensuous impressions, the very church itself with the purest, holiest, and divinest seed, cannot grow without an admixture, or let us say rather a soil, of earthliness. Our excellent fellow-heirs of the grace of life of this Society seem exactly to have failed to impress themselves more extensively on the world and society through the very attempt to do that which our Lord himself said it would be hazardous to attempt to do, namely, to root up all the tares out of the harvest-field; he said this would very likely result in rooting up the wheat with them. Hence the Society of Friends soon found itself to be a very limited church; but while characterized by its singular diminutiveness as a sect, it has certainly not been less characterized by its extraordinary excellence, and by the production, from time to time, of men and women of truly apostolic fervour. Every life we read seems the life of an

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- * 1. *Memoirs of William Forster.* Edited by Benjamin Seebohm. 2 vols. Alfred W. Bennett.
2. *Peter Bedford, the Spitalfields Philanthropist.* By William Tallack. S. W. Partridge.
3. *Life of George Richardson.* Alfred W. Bennett.
4. *The Life and Labours of George Washington Walker, of Hobart Town, Tasmania.* By James Backhouse and Charles Taylor. A. W. Bennett.
5. *The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their Friends, with an account of their Ancestor, Anne Askeu, the Martyr.* By Maria Webb. A. W. Bennett.

earnest quietist, and reveals through its pages wonderful but reserved power. We must say that, usually, to enjoy the life of a member or minister of the Society of Friends, the reader must have truly educated and spiritual sympathies; other lives may have many adventitious sources of interest, anecdote, illustrations of manifold and various characters, historical or scenic interests; the life of a minister of the Society of Friends is usually a record of internal, spiritual strivings; usually a story of duty fronted and fulfilled in the midst of difficulties. Sometimes we have the accounts of that marvellous insight into spiritual states, both in the evil and the good, which results from a constant introspective communing with their own spirit. This watchfulness over self is sometimes carried to a diseased extreme, not only in producing a suspicion of its own motive and character, very needlessly, but in accustoming the eye to a suspicious view of others. But every deduction duly made, still the stories of Friends are usually painfully humbling; they are the records of such singleness of heart, such purity of intention, such indifference to human praise for its own sake, such faith in the witness of God in the human souls of all men, such incessant travel to bear the message given by the Spirit into courts of kings, or the meanest huts of the savage in the wilderness, or the beggar in the city,—we think, indeed, that the wonderful ease with which any of their number, on whom the burden is laid, is able to reach the presence of kings and emperors, leads them somewhat to over-rate the importance of such potentates; but it must, at any rate, be admitted that if they have shown anxiety to stand covered, and deliver the word of the Lord before kings, they have been not the less anxious to carry the same word to those who have been the offscouring of all things. The life of Peter Bedford is, however, an exception to many of the remarks we have made. This most remarkable man led not merely a life of intense activity, and most devoted usefulness, but it was illustrated by a multitude of instances of the most romantic character. Some men possess a strong character; but you would not say of them, they are characters. William Forster and Peter Bedford seem to us to illustrate the difference. William Forster lived a life of constant, inward ascension, in which he might have found himself in communion with the St. Bernard of one age, or the John Fletcher of Madeley of another; holy elevation, a constant, sedulous, prayerful effort to “bring every thought and word into captivity to Christ,” reveals the possession of a lofty character given and moulded by the Divine Spirit; dignified, contemplative, his eye opened to the impressions from lovely scenery;

deeply, watchfully spiritual; if he had much less of the mystic yet his "painful," inward life seems to bring before us a character greatly resembling that of Isaac Pennington. Reader, dost thou know Isaac Pennington? Get the folio of his works, and become familiar with one of the most extraordinary of the Quakers of the olden time. While we read his words, we realize the well-known lines of Whittier:—

The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.
He walked by faith, and not by sight,
By love, and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw;
And pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils, great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

This must be much the character of all the higher order of Friends. But Peter Bedford was a character; the movements of his mind were not like those of William Forster, cultivated, stately, the unfoldings of long, painful, continuous thought; his was an essentially active nature in that which the world calls action. His labours were among his acquaintances, were with thieves, the lowest reprobates of society; the shrewd, clear, deeply instinctive, and faithful, saintly nature felt most for those, the outcasts, who were out of all sight, and all care. As we have intimated, a number of circumstances in his life give to it the interests of philanthropic romance. We cannot so heartily congratulate Mr. Tallack on his success in his little book; we are persuaded, from our pleasant recollections of his *Friendly Sketches*, that he possesses the ability to have executed his task much better. Peter Bedford's life is one which would have well repaid the most careful study, arrangement, and finish in the execution of it. He was, in a very eminent sense, a representative Friend. Those extraordinary gleams, as from the Urim and Thummim, which the very holy man is permitted to wear as a breastplate, often flashed in a remarkable manner from him. He brings before us recollections of Samuel Bownas, that fine old Friend of the last century. If William Forster, by his habit of contemplation, placed himself in immediate contact with spiritual truth, Peter Bedford, by his life of spiritual and instinctive dependence on the light within, placed himself in immediate contact with character. He was one of the earliest of that illustrious band which has

now travelled through, and delved in, the moral sewerage of Spitalfields and Whitechapel. His business was in the neighbourhood, situate in Bishopsgate Street; business, philanthropy, social and religious engagements meted out, in proportion, his day from about the year 1810 to his death in 1864, at the ripe age of eighty-four. When he commenced business, fifty years since, in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, crime and destitution were much more horrible in London than even now. Mr. Bedford set himself to work to throw, as a torchlight, intelligence upon the fearful enormities of iniquity for which, it seems to us, the existing government of the country was more responsible than the wretched subjects; capital punishment was executed with indiscriminate severity and heathen barbarity; upwards of a hundred crimes were punishable by death: in those good old times, stealing a shilling from the person, or five shillings from a shop, letting the water out of a fishpond, or being in the company of gipsies for twelve months, were all equally punishable by death. The imbecile old watchmen of London, called "Charlies," waddling round their beats in the least dangerous parts of London, rather helped than hindered crime; sometimes the box and "Charley" were both turned upside down, and sometimes both thrown together into some neighbouring, unsavoury ditch. The narrow streets, dim lighted, and kennel-like, rather invited the burglar and the footpad. Thieves were allowed by the thieftakers to run a certain period, and then they betrayed and gave them up for rewards called "blood-money." Law had no regard to life; the average of trials, it has been said, at that time, never exceeded eight and a-half minutes; the prisoners were condemned before they knew what had occurred; very often, on being hurried from a court, a prisoner would exclaim, "It can't be me they mean, I've not been tried yet!" One metropolitan judge was famous for despatching sixty or seventy trials a-day; and at the Old Bailey, February 16th, 1814, five children, from eight to fourteen years of age, were condemned to death. This was the state of things Mr. Bedford set himself to attempt to reform, with the indefatigable phalanx of Allens, Barclays, Frys, Forsters, &c., &c. His attention was first drawn to an interest in juvenile criminals by the execution of John Knight for stealing a gold watch. His innocence was as clearly as possible demonstrated by Mr. Bedford, who, knowing the ways and the whereabouts of thieves' gangs, discovered the real culprit; and Mr. Bedford, with Dr. Lushington, waited upon Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, with the watch, which they had recovered, and a statement of the case; but Lord Sidmouth

was very likely influenced in his feelings by the fact that Lushington belonged to the opposite political party, and the lad was executed, declaring his innocence three times while they were drawing the cap over his face. From this circumstance originated a great variety of means of usefulness, and the establishment in Spitalfields of institutions, resulting in very blessed and decided indications of success. The thieves themselves trusted, loved, and honoured him; and, on one occasion, he got back a valuable stolen portmanteau, with its luggage, from a gang which had taken it from some of his friends.

The stories of the scenes and lives amidst which Mr. Bedford constantly moved, seem to show that the *Oliver Twist* of Charles Dickens, and *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo, have very little that can be called exaggeration. By-and-by came the "Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline," and the labours of the sainted Elizabeth Fry. In the course of the examination called forth by this earnest and intrepid Society—whose labours had been anticipated by Mr. Bedford, now one of its most active members—remarkable circumstances were elicited; the horrible system of blood-money was exposed. Dr. Lushington especially drew up a paper searching out its iniquity. But the life of Mr. Bedford was especially characterized by many of those particular providences which, however we may attempt to explain them away beneath the reasoning of impressions, coincidences, &c., &c., certainly do seem to belong to the same order of incidents as those mentioned in the story of the Apostle Paul, when he, and his companion, Silas, after their gospel labours in Syria, Silesia, Phrygia, and Galatia, essayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered them not. Mr. Bedford was often the subject of such remarkable impulses and impressions, confirming themselves by their results. A remarkable instance is mentioned in connection with the story of a notorious character, once connected with the Society of Friends, subsequently executed for murder. Perhaps forty or forty-five years since, he was a young man, employed as a confidential clerk in the business of Mr. Kitching, a friend of Peter Bedford. The young man was very industrious; he assumed a decided religious profession, and was very precise in the exhibition of his thoroughness of sectarian zeal; but Peter Bedford was a long time quite dissatisfied with his profession, and felt there was something wrong and specious beneath all this profession, till, one night, the impression was forced upon him that the young man had done something which would bring him to the gallows; that yet there was a possibility of escape, and he must go, and front the young man, and accuse his conscience. It was very

extraordinary, and Mr. Bedford attempted to reason with himself upon the injustice of it; an apparently benevolent and religious person to be accused in this way he felt to be a most remarkable step, and he deliberated very seriously before he could act upon the strange impression; the more he prayed and thought over the matter, the more he felt it must proceed from a higher source than any mere fancies or imaginations of his own. So he set out to the residence of the young man; but again he hesitated, and turned back; again he was compelled to return, and at length he reached the house; there he waited until the young man he sought came in; and then, in a serious and most impressive manner, communicated his mysterious but deep impression, that he had not only done that which made him amenable to the laws of the country, but which might result in capital punishment. He continued—as we have heard the story from those to whom, long years afterwards, it was recited:—"I know not what has brought me here; I know not what thou hast done; but" (and here the nervous and excited manner of Peter Bedford was given to us), "I beseech thee, give it me, give it me, give it me!" The young man had, at that very time, in his possession several notes he had forged, but not passed; he gave them up; Peter Bedford threw them into the fire! We can well believe with what fervour he led the young man to his knees in prayer, and what earnest adjurations he addressed to him. However, the significant and wonderful warning was not taken. Although the danger was escaped for that time, he yielded to temptation again, and was transported. After long years, having still retained the vesture and language of the Society of Friends—although, of course, not of their number—he returned to England a very wealthy man, yielded himself to yet more fearful crime, and terminated his career on the scaffold. This was not the only instance in which the mind of Peter Bedford was thus remarkably impressed and led. The little story of his life before us, introduces him in company with several remarkable friends, especially the well-known Thomas Shillitoe.

Amongst the occasions on which he was aided and accompanied by his friend Bedford, we may mention his second interview with George the Fourth (in 1824). Shillitoe and his friend proceeded to Windsor, and stationed themselves in the Long Walk in the Park, where they waited till the king should pass by in his pony-chaise. On seeing the two Quakers evidently desirous of accosting him, and having papers in their hands, the monarch stopped the horses, and courteously gave permission to Shillitoe to present a document containing a strong and earnest protest against the lamentable desecration of the Sabbath in the king's Hanoverian dominions, which the petitioner had recently visited.

Mr. Shillitoe quaintly records:—"Several years having elapsed since I had had an interview with him at Brighton, and the king having lost much of that florid countenance he then had, also appearing aged and being wrapped up in a loose drab greatcoat, instead of a uniform which he wore on the former occasion, some hesitation arose in my mind lest I should be mistaken, and it should not be the king. I, therefore, looking up at him, inquired, '*But is it the king?*' to which he replied, 'Yes, friend; I am the king; give it to the Marquis of Conyngham;' who received it with a smile; on which the king said, 'Now, you have handed it to me.' Mr. Shillitoe then took the opportunity of uttering a brief religious address; after listening to which, the king replied, 'I thank you;' and the interview terminated."

It has been stated that when George the Fourth was in his last illness, he expressed a wish to have "that Quaker" sent for to furnish religious consolation, but that some circumstance prevented the accomplishment of his desire.

Mr. Bedford had long withdrawn himself from all public life before his death; he died, peacefully sinking into the arms of Infinite love, with a sweet consciousness of life fulfilled and its tasks ended, at Croydon, 1864.

William Forster was a character of another, we scarcely know whether we ought to say of a higher, order. It included more of what we ordinarily regard as mind, active, surely, but an activity of a more nervous and mental quality than that of Peter Bedford. He is one of the finest illustrations of a minister of the Society of Friends with which we have been, for a long time, acquainted; very closely resembling Stephen Grellet, but perhaps more thoroughly educated and more habituated to trace truth into its more distant and profound relations. He was born at Tottenham, in 1784, and very early in life he signified his wish to his father that he should be liberated from business and be permitted to devote himself to the work of the ministry; this was in the year 1806; his family connections, and the success of his father in business, permitted him to do this: it is manifest, had he been a poor man, this would not have been possible, and the world must have lost the benefit of labours so earnest and able, so protracted and abundant, from this period to the close of his life at the age of seventy. In the ministry, however, from this time, he continued as much engaged, as constantly and devotedly occupied, as if he had been set apart to the work after the ordinary fashion of the "hireling ministry." His "concerns" carried him first over the larger portions of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. In the manner of Friends in the old time of George Fox and his holy successors, he

travelled through the country, gathering the people into barns, on the edge of moors, in paved court-yards, and dales; gathering those who were Friends or not Friends from farm-houses and cottages about the country, and from places where it seemed scarcely a house existed. His travels were truly self-denying in those first years; he ran forward a young evangelist, leaving the comfortable home of his father, and frequently at times when, as he says, "nature shrank from the obedience of faith, and was ready to desire an easier way than that which the world calls foolishness." Even in his meetings he speaks of "wading through a very low and depressing time," and when some of his friends told him that it was a "solid opportunity," he confessed himself so low after these large meetings that he felt unable to form any judgment about it or them. But he felt that he was "allowed of God to be put 'in trust of the gospel.'" The habit of his own mind was a most modest retirement and self-abasedness; and the history of his mind is frequently sketched in words of most simple and winning sweetness in the letters he wrote, and in portions of the journal he kept; here is an extract from a letter to a very aged friend, written in 1811:—

I feel much openness, and tenderness of affection towards thee, my dear friend, something like that of a son to his father—much that comforts me in believing that thou canst and does feel for the little striplings who are sent forth without purse or script, who, through many wadings and baptisms of spirit, are endeavouring to do their Great Master's will, so far as they are counted worthy to be made acquainted with it. And thy kind and fatherly encouragement to me, when last in your country, has often been sweet in my remembrance, and as it is now revived this evening, with something of the savour of life, is like a little brook opened by the way, for the refreshment of a weary traveller.

I am now writing from the house formerly inhabited by Tabitha Marriott; one whom I suppose thou rememberest as a mother in Israel, honourable in her day. I like to see the habitations of the ancients as I pass along, and to hear of those whom the Truth has dignified, and who were preserved under its sacred influence to the close of their day. There is something like the savour of life unto life in the recital of their humble dedication and prudent zeal in the promotion of the good cause. But, alas! how are their seats still vacant in the Church! How few seem to have been prepared to "catch the mantle as it fell!"

But surely there is cause to acknowledge that our Heavenly Parent is mindful of the family. He is visiting the youth by the influences of his gathering love; comforting and quickening the aged; and strengthening, supporting, and defending those whose lot it is to bear the heat and burthen of the day. Ah, my spirit is humbled in the fresh feeling of His goodness to his heritage—the little remnant of Jacob.

Nothing more largely strikes us than the tenderness of the conscience he exercised in his ministry. The whole of a fine and useful course of ministrations seems to be opened up when in one sentence he says, speaking of a large meeting in Whitehaven, he "endeavoured to preach what he thought was required of him"; his soul seems to have been like a barometer in the midst of his audiences; he lived intensely watchful for divine signs; sometimes, speaking of his congregations, he says, "it is heavy work to plough a straight furrow on such hard ground." He was fond of an aged friend's dying petition, "May God grant me patience, humble, depending 'patience';" but however he might be discouraged in himself, it is pleasing to see that he met with encouragement; at Potton the clergyman of the parish gave him a barn; sometimes he spoke in the chapels of the sects. But at the age of twenty-eight, in London, he met with Stephen Grellet; together they sought out the distressed silk-weavers in Spital-fields, the inmates of workhouses, and poor Jews, abandoned characters, and criminals in condemned cells. William Forster became the coadjutor of Elizabeth Fry. It was in this way he met with the lady who became his wife. Anna Buxton was in the habit of visiting Newgate to distribute to the necessities of the poor children; she was the eldest daughter of Thomas Fowell and Anna Buxton of Earl's Colne, in Essex; a member of the Society of Friends, she had yet been brought up among some of the accomplishments, and introduced into some of the gaieties, of fashionable life; her paternal grandmother lived in a charming country residence, called Bell-field, near Weymouth; thither often went Anna Buxton. Weymouth, at that time, was the place of the autumnal court of George III. The old king seems to have been very fond of the young Quaker girl, a fine lovely girl of remarkably refined and elegant manners; she mingled in unconstrained fellowship with the royal family in their domestic life; for the old king she never ceased to retain a sort of filial reverence and love in the recollection of his kindness and affability. But presently, without any marked human instrumentality, the fashionable world lost its hold upon her heart; strong religious convictions seized upon her mind; she had a well-cultivated understanding and most delicate taste, but in the midst of those pursuits to which such tendencies invited her, she felt that there were higher objects; the love of the Saviour touched her heart; she determined to devote herself to his service, and her determination was confirmed by the death of her first cousin, Elizabeth Gurney, wife of John Gurney, junior, of Earlham, to whom she was greatly

attached. It is interesting to notice that an infection of holiness and piety seemed to distinguish a number of young friends at this time; there were Elizabeth Fry and her sister Priscilla Gurney, and Samuel, Joseph John, and Anna Gurney, Maria Barclay and others; they all became devoted servants of Christ, and held fast their confidence firm to the end, finishing their course with joy. Anna Buxton was peculiarly beloved by them all. She was the constant companion of Elizabeth Fry in her prison labours. Then William Forster, who was also one of the circle, became more intimately acquainted with her. After one of these meetings, Anna Gurney writes:—

“The meeting with Rachel Gurney and Anna Buxton was agitatingly interesting; but in the midst of it a peace and satisfaction which are indeed an abundant recompense. Dear Anna returned with me: we were silent during the ride; I felt nearly united to her. How sweet it is to feel that degree of union, which, I firmly believe, if we continue faithful, will increase in time, and be made sure in eternity!”

We shortly after find the young minister settled down at Bradpole with his bright and lovely young wife; but a short time elapses, and he feels himself impressed by the Spirit for missionary work in America “desiring to preach Christ where he had not been named.” His wife gave him up with some sense of bitter self-denial, but with a sweetness peculiar to her character. William Forster was now in the prime and vigour of life; as a minister of the gospel, evidently, from the glimpses afforded us in his biography, very able; he spoke with authority. Mr. Seebohm speaks of him as “uniting a Pauline understanding, in “clearness, depth, and comprehensiveness, with a Johannine “spirit.” He seems to us to have dealt too harshly and severely with his own powers, repressing too sternly the outgoings of the imagination; but there is a truly noble and sacred character about the whole build of his mind. It was no easy work to follow the call across the seas, and to absent himself, even for years, from the light of his pleasant home, and there were circumstances transpiring immediately before his departure, which some might have translated as the resistance of the Divine Counsellor. He had so severely hurt his knee that it not only was a dangerous impediment to him before he left, but on the voyage also, and for a long time in his travels; at last, however, he was able to say farewell. In his Journal, he writes:—

I stood upon deck watching the dearest object of my affections till I could see her no longer. I was at that moment preserved from a wish to return to her; and since our separation, much as I feel my many and

great privations, I am,—and I hope I may be allowed to believe it is of the Lord and not of myself,—so far kept in contentment and acquiescence with what I trust is his blessed will respecting me, that I have no desire to be in any other place, nor under any other circumstances, than those which he is pleased to appoint.

Then came the isolation of the voyage, and the rocking of the stormy wind; voyages were more serious things then than now, but a steady trust in the Divine intention in his mission sustained him, and he writes in one of his sweet soliloquies, expressed by the pen:—

On Sixth-day night, the wind was very high; and to me it was awful. Yesterday I was for a while on deck; it was a time of conflict, and often of distress, such as I had not known before since I left. I went down to my berth early, and was very poorly. The wind increased as night came on, and about two o'clock it blew a heavy gale, quite a storm; all hands were on deck, and many of the passengers got up. About four they put up the dead lights. The whole wore a very fearful appearance. In the time of greatest trial (Oh, may I remember it for my future encouragement!) our Heavenly Father was very gracious to me. I was much in prayer most of the night, and did not immediately feel that quiet and support I so earnestly sought after; but as morning approached, and the storm increased, I was brought into a state of humble resignation, and my hope revived. I thought it was the word of the Lord immediately given me for my hope and comfort: "Thou art safe, my child, in the bosom of my love and protection."

Readers to whom the story of ministerial usefulness is instructive and interesting, will find in this most genuine collection of ministerial memoirs much to help, and surely very much to humble. Of course, the value of a life like this depends upon the measure to which the reader is able to feel that the ministry is a real, and great, and valuable work at all; that it is capable of feeling a separateness of consecration and spiritual guiding. William Forster believed in his call to the ministry, and he proved his belief by a painful laboriousness. We cannot spend much time with him in America, where he travelled extensively through the towns or uncleared countries; from severe journeys, from the depths of lonely wildernesses, he sent tender thoughts to the distant home in which, had he followed nature's promptings and teachings, he would have continued, seemingly to the world and to the Church, useful and quiet. We know not that we have ever read the biography of a Friend so much resembling the intense and saintly abandonment of John Woolman. From Maryland he writes to his wife in the following words of holiest tenderness:—

My heart is often sad, very sad; I am thickly clad with mourning; I trust in my better moments resigned to suffer for the sake of my blessed and Heavenly Master; and sometimes, when most deeply plunged into these feelings, I am allowed to cherish a hope that it will not be always so—that He will yet more eminently reign in his own power and glory, and that the people will be brought again to behold in Him their Saviour and Redeemer; and to feel to what degree they have need of Him as their Advocate with the Father.

* * * * *

O, my love, mine is a slippery and dangerous path! Mayst thou be drawn into prayer for me that I may be so far preserved in true tenderness of spirit, as to feel the gentlest reproofs of the Heavenly Monitor, that I may deviate neither to the right hand nor the left, but simply pursue the path of duty, and leave the event to Him who can bless the simplest and plainest words of the most stammering tongue, and make them as fully instrumental to the promoting of his glory, as the most eloquent, argumentative and elaborate discourses.

He was not at all insensible to the majesty and beauty of nature in those wild, unpopulated regions, but nothing was permitted to detain his thought from the great business of his mission, calling on Friends and others, in his own striking and impressive phrase, “to look to their standing and doing.” Yet, it must not be supposed that he has no words to realize to the reader the country through which he passes. Many of the pages abound in descriptions like the following, calling up pictures of silent desolations where now—for nearly fifty years have passed by—vast cities rise, and teeming populations spread:—

Thunder-hill, Neversink, 26th.—We have had a jolting journey of nearly five hours, up-hill and down, much of the way through the woods and over land nearly cleared, but have accomplished it with less difficulty than I at one time anticipated. Our carriage came through in safety, and the horses have done wonders. The novelty of a wilderness journey is much subsided, but still it is a kind of travelling not without interest. I begin to fancy I know a little about land and backwoods farming, and amuse myself with projecting improvements, and anticipating the progress of population in this wonderful country. We came through many fine districts to-day,—very large, heavy timber, the hemlocks and maples towering above the rest of the woods. There is something solemn, and to my meditative mind not a little interesting, in beholding the face of the earth so much in the original clothing of nature. Here you see the vegetable kingdom in every stage of growth and decay; trees of different descriptions, evergreen and deciduous; some young and thrifty, others attained to their maturity in size and height; some beginning to decay, others still standing white with age. In many places the ground covered with trees recently torn up by the storms, or such as have been long mouldering away; some little more than a

long heap of light earth, and beginning to do their part towards the nourishment of another generation. Thus we may suppose that nature has gone her rounds for the last four or five thousand years, and now the arm of man is arresting her progress, hewing and burning, and converting the forest into a fruitful land—the wilderness into a well-peopled nation.

After travelling for eight miles, we came into the valley of the Never-sink, a remote branch of the Delaware. The rivers we have lately left run into the Hudson, and empty themselves into the ocean through New York harbour. The low grounds near the river are richly covered with rhododendrons; they form a beautiful underwood, and earlier in the summer must be really delightful. Generally speaking, the thickest of the woods are but thinly spread with shrubs, with but a small variety of more humble plants. Open places and cleared land abound in considerable variety, some very ornamental, such as I should be glad to transplant to our garden and shrubbery; and I do not despair, as the season advances, of collecting a few seeds. That beautiful crimson flower—I cannot recollect the name—which we have cultivated with so much care, grows on the banks of some of the streams; its dazzling brightness has often caught my eye.

We arrived at our friend W. M.'s in time for dinner. They have a pretty, well-cleared farm, and I suppose for this country would be considered comfortably settled. The house has a commanding prospect for many miles in several directions. The hills have a deep sombre hue—dark, thick forests overspread the country, variegated with patches of cleared land; the fields of grass and buckwheat much enliven the scenery.

Beautiful little pictures of ministerial life and usefulness form a kind of book-mark among the pages: thus, at a small society in York, in Pennsylvania, he writes:—

I trust I was a Barnabas to some of the mourners in Zion in their little company. Dear Margaret Elgar was affectionate to me, and very sweet and tender in spirit; the precious old woman would have us to tea with her. She is a beautiful specimen of Christian discipleship in old age—so very humble and loving. She has been a woman of sorrow, and for many years a faithful labourer in the work; and, although upwards of eighty years of age, talked as if she had seriously thought of going over the mountains once more. Dear woman! she said—and it did me good to hear it—that she had been east, west, north, and south, and did not know that she had ever done any good in her life. I parted from her in much love; her eyes were full when she said, very emphatically, her heart went with the work.

His preaching very much grew, as we should expect in a Friend, out of the impressions of the meeting and the hour: he writes—and it gives a fine key to the ministerial model, and the true foundations of success:—

I was almost alarmed at the first appearance of our congregation; but they placed me in the speaker's chair, and Friends taking their seats by me, the people soon became more settled, and in a little while there was a very general silence. I sought to wait upon the Lord, and to be deeply and attentively devoted to the leading of the Spirit of Christ. It was not long before I thought I could discover the path appointed me in the service of our Lord. The fear of man was much taken away, and in plainness and simplicity I delivered what I believed to be brought upon me.

For himself, he suffered much in his journeys from fever, ague, his wounded limb; but his visits were long remembered, and we can very well believe, that, on most occasions, he justified that criticism pronounced upon him: "That man went down to 'the very root of the matter.'" His words were useful at this season in America, and perhaps the divine, though hidden meaning of his mission may be more clearly seen, by remembering that it was the period when the Society of Friends was rent by the Hicksite secession and controversy. Elias Hicks drew off with him a great number from the simplicity of the faith, laying the foundation, and carrying up the superstructure to the chief corner-stone, of all scepticism, the dogma that we are not bound to believe what we cannot comprehend. To humble, yet hesitating natures, the character and teaching of William Forster must have been most sustaining and helpful; tried himself, and deeply anxious upon every chief particular of faith, but assuredly taught by the spirit of God, he was well able to suggest words of peace and power to those who were tried; he preached the old everlasting gospel of Paul and of George Fox, "Christ *the Word of God*; the Scriptures given forth by the Spirit of *truth*; the *words of God*—God's words." How rich the gospel was which the great father and founder of the Society of Friends—for so George Fox must be regarded—maintained, few readers, we believe, know; but there is a frequent mention in his words reminding us of the most saintly and holy of men; truly says Mr. Seebohm, could he or they, who use such words as the following, with the Apostle himself, say, "We joy in God *through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the atonement.*" After his years of travel, William Forster was permitted to return to his wife and child, the "darling boy" of whom he speaks so often with such constant, tender enthusiasm; and it is pleasant to remember that the boy has realized much of what the world had a right to hope from such a father and mother; our readers scarcely need to be informed that he is the clear-minded, and high-charactered William Edward Forster, member for Bradford. For a time now,

in England, the returned minister was permitted to devote himself to quiet home pursuits in his rural retreat—a green flowery sequestered nest among the hills of Dorsetshire—gardening and reading; he thought he knew something of what it had been to give up a wife for the gospel's sake, and now reaped a hundred-fold in this life, besides what awaited him in the life to come; of course, he continued his work of ministry, and in the course of some two or three years he set forth upon earnest missions again. The reader will notice, that there was no haste in his service; a very fine principle he acted upon, given to him in the words of John Woolman: "I cannot give myself a right concern, but "when it is laid upon me, I endeavour to be faithful." It is in harmony with this sentence he wisely says:—

We should cherish that state of mind in which we may be best prepared to perceive the warnings and checks of God's Holy Spirit. What should we do without them? We ought to watch that we may never do anything, or go anywhere, that may have the effect of robbing us of tenderness of spirit, or blind our sensibility to this influence. If this sense were duly cherished by our young friends, they would not be found at places of diversion. Limits as to recreation and amusement are to be known by attending to the reproofs of the Spirit. The religion of the cross of Christ is not intended to rob us of the true happiness of life; but blessed is the man who feels that God Almighty does set bounds to our amusements.

And again:—

In watchfulness and humility are to be heard the secret intimations, the gentle whispers, of the Spirit of Truth, as to the walk in life. To those who desire to walk uprightly and watchfully, the Lord giveth counsel in things temporal as well as spiritual: his limitations and guidance are known in reference to trade. Temporal things are kept in their proper places—we have the power to live above the world; and to feel the world under our feet—treading upon the earth, and not covered by it. We then feel that we have higher and holier things to do than to devote all our faculties, and all our strength, to temporal things. Being quickened to a sense of eternal things, we are not engrossed with the acquisition of outward treasure, but come to walk as strangers and pilgrims upon earth.

Such sentences as these reveal the principles of the life of the man. Nearly twenty years, however, passed by before he was called to such work as had characterized his earlier days. About this period, he removed to the neighbourhood of Earlham, near Norwich. He was one of the most active in procuring the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. At the age of sixty, he set

forth upon a continental tour, our readers will not suppose to see cities, or paintings, or churches, or gardens, but to visit the scattered members of the Society of Friends, and all establishments where seeds of infinite and eternal truth might be sown—schools, jails, Catholic churches, and societies, or cottages and houses of the poor, also of the rich and the learned, where an entrance could be obtained. Many pretty little things meet us illustrative of his tenderness of spirit and earnest usefulness. Thus at Morlaix:—

My last little duty was to call upon the wife of a labouring carpenter, a native Breton, who is a member of their little church, and her husband also. Dear woman! she was at her *blanchissage*; as soon as she was apprised of my visit she came running up two or three pair of stairs. From the little I saw of her, I should say that she would be an ornament to any community in Christendom. On my speaking to her on the bringing up of her children in the fear of the Lord, I think I shall never forget the tenderness of her spirit and the heartiness of her reply, "*Je fais mon possible.*"

The deaths of friends and tender connexions increased his earnestness. Joseph John Gurney and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton fell down in the prime of their lives, in the fulness of their usefulness; his grief for brothers in labour so close, and valued, and beloved, one corresponding to the public, the other to the thoughtful, the tender, and the scholarly sympathies within him must have been great; but, grief given to the dead, with a renewed earnestness he sprang forth as hearing the call, "Follow me!" To him, as to his friend Stephen Grellet, we may not inaptly apply the well-known words:—

I pass like light from land to land,
I have strange power of speech,
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me,
To him my tale I teach.

Through France, returning home in 1845, he paid a second visit to America as a deputation to attempt to awaken the conscience of Friends in regard to Anti-slavery efforts. Returning from America, he became a deputation to enquire into and to minister to the necessities of the starving in the great famine of Ireland; indeed, it was while engaged there that Joseph John Gurney died. The sorrowful news brought from him the following quiet words of faith in a letter to his wife:—

1st mo. 11th. Westport.—Not till this evening, and that but for a moment, have I had so much as a transient sense of that in

which I could rejoice and give thanks—the thought that our most tender, faithful, helpful friend has passed through the depths of the valley—that to him there is no more suffering—“no more death”—no fear—no conflict now—no more of the tormenting of the wicked one, and not so much as the possibility of falling away—nothing but peace, joy, and love; such joy as, by the utmost working of his mind, even under that measure of God’s Holy Spirit that sometimes rested upon him, he could but imperfectly comprehend—such as has not entered the heart of man to conceive—nothing now seen as through a glass darkly—nothing—nothing for evermore, but light, life, and immortality!

12th. *Achill Island.*—There are few less in the way of noting and keeping days than I am, but I think this will be a marked day to me as long as I live. I was one with the mourners throughout the whole morning; a hopeful, thankful, comforted mourning, I can believe it to have been. I went with you from stage to stage, until I thought you had left the grave, and had retired to take comfort in that Gospel in which is the everlasting blessing.

Truly beautiful such mourning. This is that which the wise man meant when he said it was “better than going to the house of feasting.” One of a party determined to do its utmost to repress and destroy the slave trade, he became a deputation appointed to wait upon the sovereigns of Europe, and he, with Peter Bedford and Samuel Gurney, first found access to our own beloved Queen, who graciously received them and promised her best endeavours. He then set forth, after an interview with Prince Albert, who received with readiness and kind affability from William Forster a copy of the life of John Woolman. Mr. Forster, although not at all officially connected with the Government, received from Lord Palmerston’s hands an autograph letter, requesting foreign Governments, in every way, to aid him, and make his access easy to the persons he desired to see. He had interviews with the King and Crown Prince of Hanover, and separate interviews with the King, Queen, and Crown Prince of Sweden, the King and Queen Dowager of Denmark, the King of Prussia, the King of Bavaria, the Emperor of Austria, and the Queen of Spain. Returning, we find him pleasantly closeted with Lord Palmerston, who was quite disposed “for conversation and for an account of my travels.” The following, of our Prime minister, is really interesting; we are really glad to find that this usually immovable old man has sympathies and interest for such persons as William Forster.

I thought I could discover that there was nothing lay nearer to his heart than the safety and prosperity of the kingdom of Sardinia. I

begged him to keep an eye upon the poor Protestants in the valleys, and to stand their friend in case of need. I said a word for good King Oskar; but I thought he seemed to know less of Sweden than any part of Europe. He talked freely and very hopefully of their measures for the suppression of the slave-trade; and I do believe he wishes to do what he can for its utter extinction.

Upon my making allusion to my journey into the Peninsula, he went to his desk and wrote a private letter to Lord Howden, and one to the British Minister at Lisbon. He had previously sent, or given orders for official letters from Downing-street. There was hardly anything that he said that was not worth remembering; you can hardly conceive how much, and what a variety of interests were crowded into so short a space of time.

On again, to be a missionary among the Vaudois, preaching, scattering useful and helpful tracts and portions of the Testament among those isolated valleys, in a mission which, by a letter from the "men of the valleys," seems to have been most truly and tenderly appreciated. All stillness within, his life was ever on the move; at the age of sixty-nine it was thought necessary that he should visit America again, partly as an Anti-slavery deputation, and partly himself beneath the earnest impression that there were parts of the great Continent he ought to visit. There is a very sweet picture of his last days at home before he left on this, his closing service. The hints of his last sermons are very touching; pathetic lines describe those closing farewells to dear friends, well-known societies, and family circles, especially his farewell visit to that extraordinary woman, his beloved friend, Anna Gurney, whose life of almost marvellous usefulness is sketched, as some of our readers will remember, in the *Book of Golden Deeds*. The painting is not less than touching:—

When parting in the evening he looked calm and peaceful, though he spoke but little. Our beloved sister had really cheered up and made great efforts, in trying to comfort him, saying she could reverently give thanks in the belief that all was right. He said, "I trust, my dear, thou wilt have no cause for uneasiness." The parting was a tenderly touching one. My sister followed him to the hall entrance, and took the candle to the carriage door, once more to look upon his countenance, which, she afterwards remarked, "was so sweet." This was the last time she saw him; "The Lord bless thee, my dearest!" the last words she said to him.

She sank much the next few days, when she seemed, at times, almost to realize the parting as final on this earth. She was comforted on hearing of the peace he had on his embarkation, when a most remarkable calm and holy feeling were granted; and we can believe that He

who was thus calling him forth, was very near him, to calm, strengthen and comfort with his love and presence.

He never saw these old scenes again; far from home, far from his wife, in the harness of his holy labour, the sweet, illustrious, and saintly old man passed away. He wrote to his wife when reviving a little, just before he died:—

This is a very solemn chastening; I am brought very low, never so low before. My illness is attended with personal humiliations which are hard to bear. I often suffer a great deal both of acute and obtuse pain. I do not say much about myself, there is very little to say; but I do not murmur, and now and then catch hold of something which comforts, especially when I can think of the Saviour as I would wish to do.

We have given a most inadequate account of a life glorious with the lights and beauties of a most patriarchal, simple, and peaceful holiness. It is compiled by the able and sympathetic editor of the *Life of Stephen Grellet*; it is a worthy companion of that life; the two men resembled each other very much in character and labour; William Forster had the more extensively furnished and informed mind, and perhaps was accustomed to desire to see his way distinctly where Grellet was content to feel. Such works are too large for us to hope they can meet with a very extensive circulation, or even a very close and extensive reading, in such a day of manifold demands from books. This is a fault with almost all lives of Friends; in themselves too short for the world, they are almost invariably too long as biographies. But here, to close our remarks upon this life, in one word, we have a book revealing a depth of conscience, and tenderness of character, such as must be infinitely helpful, especially to ministers and labourers in any denomination, who may desire to make a good man's life a pilot and a helper among the difficult ways of usefulness. And here we must close. Several books from which we had intended to have extracted healthful and helpful material, must wait for another article we may yet hope to devote to Friends and their ways. It is a fertile and unexplored field; little justice has been done to this valuable and delightful literature by readers of other religious societies. We must, however, spare space this month for a line to commend Mrs. Webb's volume; to readers who may be interested in such books, *The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall* is as interesting as its subject can make it. We know no higher commendation we can give than this. Mrs. Webb has found access, apparently, to many original documents, and Margaret Fell, and George

Fox, and a great many less known characters surrounding them or succeeding them, find a record of life, deeds, and anecdotes in these pages. The book itself, full of charm, is made attractive by beautiful printing and binding, by autographs of those whose stories it tells, and by vivid wood-engravings, to the delightful accuracy of which we, who have repeatedly made pilgrimages to Swarthmoor Hall, can bear testimony. Why did not Mrs. Webb tell her readers that the oriel window which fronts the eye of the reader in the striking frontispiece formed the pulpit from which, tradition still says, the mighty man in leather addressed the crowds who poured down to listen to him from the Lancashire moors and farms? We shall be sure to return to this volume with others we are compelled to put by for a season.

 II.

ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.*

ALEC FORBES contains all Mr. Mac Donald's well-known loves and hates, beauties and humanities, in a more pleasant setting than perhaps he has, in either of his novels, compassed as yet. There is a good deal in the story which reminds us of Mr. Buchanan's *Idyls of Inverburn*; it is thoroughly Scotch, and while some readers will possibly find it difficult to follow the pages through their long Scotticisms, we know not when we have met with a novel in which the humour—for we are of those who maintain, against Sydney Smith and others, that there is a most delightful humour in Scotch discourse—of the Scottish character has been so happily rendered. It is long since we read any of the once-renowned works of John Galt, but assuredly we have some of his best characteristics of national painting in *Alec Forbes*. If Mr. Mac Donald will graciously pardon us for saying so, we venture, with exceeding humility, to express our conviction that if he would unstrap from his back his burthen of sectarian ware, and not strew his pages with so much talk about Calvinism, &c., of which we assure him he has not the slightest knowledge; if he would give his mind to the free and untrammelled study of the national and individual characteristics of the country he evidently loves so well, we believe he would take a place not

**Alec Forbes of Howglen.* By George Mac Donald, M.A. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

second to Galt, as a fine, true, Scottish painter. We might justify these remarks by many quotations, but the opening pages of the novel have a mingling of pathos and humour in the tender, striking scene which will be, we think, with all our readers, sufficient to induce them to make acquaintance with a book which contains very many pages of such graphic, powerful writing. The pages we quote form a picture as complete in itself, even without reference to the work, as one of the canvases of Wilkie or Tiedeman.

A FUNERAL IN A SCOTTISH VILLAGE.

The farm-yard was full of the light of a summer noontide. Nothing can be so desolately dreary as full strong sunlight can be. Not a living creature was to be seen in all the square inclosure, though cow-houses and stables formed the greater part of it, and one end was occupied by a dwelling-house. Away through the gate at the other end, far off in fenced fields, might be seen the dark forms of cattle; and on a road, at no great distance, a cart crawled along, drawn by one sleepy horse. An occasional weary low came from some imprisoned cow—or animal of the cow-kind; but not even a cat crossed the yard. The door of the barn was open, showing a polished floor, as empty, bright, and clean as that of a ball-room. And through the opposite door shone the last year's ricks of corn, golden in the sun.

Now, although a farm-yard is not, either in Scotland or elsewhere, the liveliest of places in ordinary, and still less about noon in summer, yet there was a peculiar cause rendering this one, at this moment, exceptionally deserted and dreary. But there were, notwithstanding, a great many more people about the place than was usual, only they were all gathered together in the ben-end or best room of the house—a room of tolerable size, with a clean boarded floor, a mahogany table, black with age, and chairs of like material, whose wooden seats, and high, straight backs, were more suggestive of state than repose. Every one of these chairs was occupied by a silent man, whose gaze was either fixed on the floor, or lost in the voids of space. Each wore a black coat, and most of them were in black throughout. Their hard, thick, brown hands—hands evidently unused to idleness—grasped their knees, or, folded in each other, rested upon them. Some bottles and glasses, with a plate of biscuits, on a table in a corner, seemed to indicate that the meeting was not entirely for business purposes; and yet there were no signs of any sort of enjoyment. Nor was there a woman to be seen in the company.

Suddenly, at the open door, appeared a man whose shirt-sleeves showed very white against his other clothing, which, like that of the rest, was of decent black. He addressed the assembly thus:

“Gin ony o’ ye want to see the corp, noo’s yer time.”

To this offer no one responded; and, with a slight air of discomfiture, for he was a busy man, and liked bustle, the carpenter turned

on his heel, and re-ascended the narrow stairs to the upper room, where the corpse lay, waiting for its final dismissal and courted oblivion.

"I reckon they've a' seen him afore," he remarked, as he rejoined his companion. "Puir fallow! He's unco (*uncouthly*) worn. There'll no be muckle o' him to rise again."

"George, man, dinna jeest i' the face o' a corp," returned the other. "Ye kenna whan yer ain turn may come."

"It's no disrespect to the deid, Thamas. That ye ken weel eneuch. I was only pityin' the worn face o' him, leukin up there atween the buirds, as gin he had gotten what he wanted sae lang, and was thankin' heaven for that same. I jist dinna like to pit the lid ower him."

"Hoot! hoot! Lat the Lord luik efter his ain. The lid o' the coffin disna hide frae his een."

The last speaker was a stout, broad-shouldered man, a stone-mason by trade, powerful, and somewhat asthmatic. He was regarded in the neighbourhood as a very religious man, but was more respected than liked, because his forte was rebuke. It was from deference to him that the carpenter had assumed a mental position generating a poetic mood and utterance quite unusual with him, for he was a jolly, careless kind of fellow, well-meaning and good-hearted.

So together they lifted the last covering of the dead, laid it over him, and fastened it down, and there was darkness about the dead; but he knew it not, because he was full of light. For this man was one who, all his life, had striven to be better.

Meantime, the clergyman having arrived, the usual religious ceremonial of a Scotch funeral—the reading of the word and prayer—was going on below. This was all that gave the burial any sacred solemnity; for at the grave the Scotch terror of Popery forbids any observance of a religious character. The voice of the reader was heard in the chamber of death.

"The minister's come, Thamas."

"Come or gang," said Thomas, "it's muckle the same. The word itself oot o' his mou' fa's as deid as chaff upo' clay. Honest Jeames there'll rise anee mair; but never a word that man says, wi' the croon o' 's heid i' the how o' 's neck, 'll rise to beir witness o' his ministration."

"Hoot, Thamas! It's no for the likes o' me to flee i' your face—but jist say a fair word for the livin' ower the deid, ye ken."

"Na, na. It's fair words maks foul wark; and the wrath o' the Almighty maun purge this toon or a' be dune. There's a heap o' graceless gacins on in't; and that puir feckless body, the minister, never gies a pu' at the bridle o' salvation, to haud them aff o' the seaur (*cliff*) o' hell."

The stone-mason generally spoke of the Almighty as if he were in a state of restrained indignation at the wrongs he endured from his children. If Thomas was right in this, then certainly he himself was one of his offspring. If he was wrong, then there was much well worth his unlearning.

The prayer was soon over, and the company again seated themselves, waiting till the coffin should be placed in the hearse, which now stood at the door.

"We'll jist draw the cork o' anither boatle," whispered a sharp-faced man to his neighbour.

And rising, he opened two bottles, and filled the glasses the second time with wine, red and white, which he handed to the minister first.

"Tak' a drappy mair, sir," he whispered in a coaxing, old-wivish tone; "it's a lang road to the kirkyard."

But the minister declining, most of the others followed his example. One after another they withdrew to the door, where the hearse was now laden with the harvest of the grave.

Falling in behind the body, they moved in an irregular procession from the yard. Outside, they were joined by several more in gigs and on horseback; and thus they crept, a curious train, away towards the resting-place of the dead.

It were a dreary rest, indeed, if that were their resting-place—on the side of a low hill, without tree or shrub to beautify it, or even the presence of an old church to seem to sanctify the spot. There was some long grass in it, though, clambering up as if it sought to bury the gravestones in their turn. And that long grass was a blessing. Better still, there was a sky overhead, in which men cannot set up any gravestones. But if any graveyard be the type of the rest expected by those left behind, it is no wonder they shrink from joining those that are away.

Our readers who shall procure these volumes, will enjoy the school-days of Alec Forbes. We have pretty nearly come to the conclusion, that a good finish is scarcely ever to be expected even in the best novels; we do not mean in the old sense of rendering poetic justice to characters and circumstances, but, in the higher sense, even of art and life. Take almost any novel, and you seem to conceive the novelist as a kind of whipper-in of all his characters, and they come clattering and hurrying, and quite out of breath, upon the last little bit of stage he has got to spare for them. Even the great Sir Walter, if he breaks down anywhere, does so in winding up accounts with his reader. We have quite given up expecting a satisfactory finish. The first volume of almost any novel is enough for us; if it be very good, we are afraid to go any further. The first volume of Mr. Mac Donald's *David Elginbrod* was incomparably its best part; we cannot say quite so depreciating a thing of *Alec Forbes*; we do not lose our interest in him when he leaves Howglen for the University, and he picks up a rare friend there—one Mr. Cupples—a very strong and steady piece of character-painting. Still, we are most interested in the boy's pranks in the village school in Howglen. Why, the volume is

quite a precious collection—a sort of school-boy's *vade mecum* of recipes and prescriptions for tricks and pranks to frighten serious bodies, and the brutal, and yet human schoolmaster, Murdoch Malison, lives before us. Mr. Mac Donald's likeness of him is admirably drawn, but we hope he never knew any living counterpart, and that it is only the inspiration of the fierce and intolerant anti-Calvinistic prejudices limned in the camera of his own mind. We trust that Mr. Mac Donald himself never experienced the vengeful ways of such a dominie; if he did, we really feel that we must forgive him a great deal; at any rate, if he did, he has taken a pretty fair revenge upon him in the humorous description of the "stickit minister" where the unhappy dominie found himself in the pulpit of his parish, with nothing to say in it. Indeed, we give to Mr. Mac Donald the credit of considerable distinctness in his personal portraits, although a moment's reflection will show that he does repeat himself, and there are many delineations which will certainly remind the reader of similar characterizations in *David Elginbrod*. Mr. Mac Donald has a morbid prejudice against all shopkeepers; as in his first novel we had the Appleditch family, so in this we have that of Mr. Robert Bruce. We are bound to say, for our part, that we do not think shopkeeping strictly and positively incompatible with piety and goodness of heart, and unhypocritical devotion to religious service. We say this, because the village grocer, Mr. Robert Bruce, is really one of Mr. Mac Donald's most successful etchings; the humour of the villain is really as good as Ben Jonson. Another character, greatly to our liking, is the good old church-elder, Thomas Crann, a Calvinist, whom, however, our writer has permitted to wear his creed without being a remorseless and flinty-hearted villain. We are not disposed to deal very closely with the theology of the book; but in this work, as in *David Elginbrod*, its introduction does not improve the story, or add to its interest or finish. It pleases Mr. Mac Donald, however, to represent the theology unfolded in the school of Calvin—to quote his own words—"as the worst of all the fictions of an ignorant and low theology." This is tolerably strong language to use with reference to the theology, not to speak of Calvin himself, of Milton and Bunyan, of Howe and Owen, and Hooker, of Jonathan Edwards and Robert Hall, and many another such name not usually regarded as "ignorant and low." It pleases Mr. Mac Donald to speak of Watts's Hymns as "carrying the palm of horror," and he quotes the following verses "as equalling in absurdity the most ludicrous portions of Watts."

"The dragon's tail shall be the whip
Of scorpions foretold,
With which to lash them thigh and hip
That wander from the fold.
And when their wool is burnt away—
Their garments gay, I mean—
Then this same whip they'll feel, I say,
Upon their naked skin."

This, we must remind Mr. Mac Donald, is not less than shameful, unworthy of his singularly pure and beautiful genius. Did he ever read Watts's Hymns? We have to say to him that he knows Calvin, and the Calvinistic writers, just as well as he knows Watts, not better. We want Mr. Mac Donald to become a great artist, and to use his unquestioned powers of tenderness and humour as Charles Dickens has, *for the most part*, used his, to heal and to help, to unite and to restore; and such passages are really defilements. In order that he might write us a sweet and entertaining Scottish story, was it necessary that he should sneer at the Scripture doctrine of the covenants, informing us that "the covenant made with Abraham is a legal document, constituting the only reliable protection against the character, inclinations, and duties of the Almighty, whose uncovenanted mercies are of a very doubtful nature"?

We should really have thought that a man so gifted as Mr. Mac Donald would have heard in the promise made to Abraham, not the occasion for a sarcasm on revelation, but a voice from the divinest heights, saying to the poor, world-weary race, "Do not be frightened by what you behold, trust in me, I mean to do well for you." We do not hesitate to say that we are really grieved by these things; they seem to us worse than needless and out of place. What does Mr. Mac Donald mean by speaking of the old Presbyterian clergyman as "A minister of an old school, a very worthy, kind-hearted man, with nothing of what has been called *religious experience*, but he knew what some of his Lord's words meant"? Does Mr. Mac Donald know what he means? and will he say how it is possible to have any appreciation or love for any of the sacred texts without a feeling of their fitness to us—and what is this but religious experience? The poor Assembly's Catechism comes in for some sparrow-shot; the children of the school in Howglen "hate the catechism," "though," says our writer, "I am not aware that that was of any great consequence, or much to be regretted." We could not, with any conscience, call attention to this work of manifold beauties, without taking exception to these deformities. We

know little of Mr. Mac Donald, but scarce a reader will go through these volumes without feeling that they are the productions of a mind that has, somehow, got a warp and twist. We do not desire to say more on this aspect of the book, but we will tell Mr. Mac Donald that the world, and its men and women, and even shopkeepers, are all better affairs than he seems to think, and creeds and sects are better than he seems to think. We all need mending, and we will rather see Mr. Mac Donald engaged in acting the part of him who poured in oil and wine, than the part which he seems to play in these volumes, of "the man named Doeg," who stood before the Lord. The morbid, cruel, and saturnine Doeg will always find blemishes in David, while he does his best to get hewn off the head of Abiathar.

To more pleasant aspects: Mr. Mac Donald has an ever-flowing fund of sweet remark upon the ways and works of nature. When he rises over the sects, very beautiful and tender insights are given to him. Very pretty this of the dreaming boy, just becoming aware of the mystery of life and nature, on the isthmus between the child and the man—a very sweet picture:—

Many a moonlight row they had on the Glamour; and many a night after Curly and Annie had gone home, would Alec again unmoor the boat, and drop down the water alone, letting the banks go dreaming past him—not always sure that he was not dreaming himself and would not suddenly awake and find himself in his bed, and not afloat between heaven and earth, with the moon above and the moon below him. I think it was in these seasons that he began first to become aware of a certain stillness pervading the universe like a law; a stillness ever being broken by the cries of eager men, yet ever closing and returning with a gentleness not to be repelled, seeking to infold and penetrate with its own healing the minds of the noisy children of the earth. But he paid little heed to the discovery then, for he was made for activity, and in activity he found his repose.

And this also, descriptive of Nature in her miraculous life of seasons:—

The season went on, and the world, like a great flower afloat in space, kept opening its thousand-fold blossom. Hail and sleet were things lost in the distance of the year—storming away in some far-off region of the north, unknown to the summer generation. The butterflies with wings looking as if all the flower-painters of fairyland had wiped their brushes upon them in freakful yet artistic sport, came forth in the freedom of their wills and the faithful ignorance of their minds. The birds, the poets of the animal creation—what though they never get beyond

the lyrical !—awoke to utter their own joy, and awake like joy in others of God's children. The birds grew silent, because their history laid hold upon them, compelling them to turn their words into deeds, and keep eggs warm, and hunt for worms. The butterflies died of old age and delight. The green life of the earth rushed up in corn to be ready for the time of need. The corn grew ripe, and therefore weary, hung its head, died, and was laid aside for a life beyond its own. The keen sharp old mornings and nights of autumn came back as they had come so many thousand times before, and made human limbs strong and human hearts sad and longing. Winter would soon be near enough to stretch out a long forefinger once more, and touch with the first frosty shiver some little child that loved summer, and shrunk from the cold.

Yet again, we, who have quoted to depreciate, must quote the following fine, if somewhat mystical, words on the law of life, and the relation of human effort to mysterious providences and purposes. It is Alec Forbes beginning his studies at the university. To read some of the aphorisms will be to young hearts suggestion and help:—

He rose in the morning with the feeling revived, that something intense was going on all around. But the door into life generally opens behind us, and a hand is put forth which draws us in backwards. The sole wisdom for man or boy who is haunted with the hovering of unseen wings, with the scent of unseen roses, and the subtle enticements of "melodies unheard," is *work*. If he follow any of those, they will vanish. But if he work, they will come unsought, and, while they come, he will believe that there is a fairy-land, where poets find their dreams, and prophets are laid hold of by their visions. The idle beat their heads against its walls, or mistake the entrance, and go down into the dark places of the earth.

Alec stood at the window, and peered down into the narrow street, through which, as in a channel between rocks burrowed into dwellings, ran the ceaseless torrent of traffic. He felt at first as if life at least had opened its gates, and he had been transported into the midst of its drama. But in a moment the show changed, turning first into a meaningless procession; then into a chaos of conflicting atoms; reforming itself at last into an endlessly unfolding coil, no break in the continuity of which would ever reveal the hidden mechanism. For to no mere onlooker will Life any more than Fairyland open its secret. *A man must become an actor before he can be a true spectator.*

Weary of standing at the window, he went and wandered about the streets. To his country-bred eyes they were full of marvels—which would soon be as common to those eyes as one of the furrowed fields on his father's farm. The youth who thinks the world his oyster, and opens it forthwith, finds no pearl therein.

What is this nimbus about the new? Is the marvel a mockery? Is the shine that of demon-gold? No it is a winged glory that alights

beside the youth ; and, having gathered his eyes to itself, flits away to a further perch ; there alights, there shines, thither entices. With outstretched hands the child of earth follows, to fall weeping at the foot of the gray disenchanted thing. But beyond, and again beyond, shines the lapwing of heaven—not, as a faithless generation thinks, to delude like them, but to lead the seeker home to the nest of the glory.

In the name of all common-sense what has the writer, who can speak as often as he will such things as these, to do with sneers and sarcasms, the misunderstandings and heart-burnings of sects? We give him his own advice, put into the mouth of the wise old Scotch minister to the bonnie Annie, “Gang ye hame, my bairn, and dinna trouble yer head about election and a’ that ; ‘it’s no’ a canny doctrine ; no mortal man could ever win at ‘the boddom o’ it. I’m thinking we haena muckle to do ‘wi’ ’t. Gang hame, and say yer prayers.’” Very good advice, Mr. Mac Donald !

And this leads us to notice what a pleasant humour breaks out very often—humour of character as well as of observation—especially in some of the verses the author has strewn along his pages. We trust they will find their way to music. A verse or two we must quote from

THE WAESOME CARL.

There cam a man to oor toon-en’,
 An’ a waesome carl was he ;
 Wi’ a snubbert nose, an’ a crookit mou’,
 An’ a cock in his left ee.
 And muckle he spied, and muckle he spak’ ;
 But the burden o’ his sang
 Was aye the same, and ower again :
 “ There’s nane o’ ye a’ but’s wrang.
 Ye’re a’ wrang, and a’ wrang,
 And a’thegither a’ wrang ;
 There’s no a man about the town,
 But ’s a’thegither a’ wrang.”

That ’s no the gait to bake the breid ;
 Nor yet to brew the yill ;
 That ’s no the gait to haud the pleuch,
 Nor yet to ca the mill.
 That ’s no the gait to milk the coo,
 Nor yet to spean the calf ;
 Nor yet to fill the girnèl-kist
 Ye kenna yer wark by half.
 Ye ’re a’ wrang, &c.

The minister was na fit to pray,
 And lat alane to preach ;

He nowther had the gift o' grace,
Nor yet the gift o' speech.
He mind 't him o' Balaam's ass,
Wi' a differ ye may ken :
The Lord he open'd the ass's mou',
The minister open'd 's ain.
He's a' wrang, &c.

The puir precentor cudna sing,
He gruntit like a swine ;
The verra elders cudna pass
The ladles till his min'.
And for the rulin' elder's grace,
It wasna worth a horn ;
He didna half uncurse the meat,
Nor pray for mair the morn.
He's a' wrang, &c.

And aye he gied his nose a thraw,
And aye he crookit his mou' ;
And aye he cockit up his ee,
And said, "Tak' tent the noo."
We leuch ahint oor loof (*palm*), man,
And never said him nay ;
And aye he spak'—jist lat him speik!
And aye he said his say :
Ye're a' wrang, &c.

Mr. Mac Donald has before shown that, as Charles Lamb said of old Webster, "He can turn the point of a horror." The following lines can only be appreciated thoroughly by Scotch ears, and especially by those who have the fairy blood in them which can thrill at an old tradition ; to such we think it will be a piece of weird and ghostly music:—

"SWEEP UP THE FLURE, JANET."

"Sweep up the flure, Janet.
Put on anither peat.
It's a lown and starry nicht, Janet,
And neither could nor weet.

And it's open hoose we keep the nicht
For ony that may be oot,
It's the nicht atween the Sancts and Souls,
Whan the bodiless gang about.

Set the chairs back to the wa', Janet ;
Mak' ready for quaiet fowk.
Hae a' thing as clean as a win'in' sheet :
They comena ilka ook.

There's a spale upo' the flure, Janet ;
And there's a rowan-berry :

Sweep them into the fire, Janet.—
They'll be welcomer than merry.

Syne set open the door, Janet—
Wide open for wha kens wha;
As ye come benn to yer bed, Janet,
Set it open to the wa'."

She set the chairs back to the wa',
But ane made o' the birk;
She sweepit the flure,—left that ae spale,
A lang spale o' the aik.

The night was lowne, and the stars sat still,
Aglintin' doon the sky;
And the souls crap oot o' their mooly graves,
A' dank wi' lyin' by.

She had set the door wide to the wa',
And blawn the peats rosy reid;
They war shoonless feet gaed oot and in,
Nor clampit as they gaed.

Whan midnight cam', the mither rase—
She wad gae see and hear.
Back she cam' wi' a glowerin' face,
And sloomin' wi' verra fear.

"There's ane o' them sitting afore the fire!
Janet, gang na to see:
Ye left a chair afore the fire,
Whaur I tauld ye nae chair sud be."

Janet she smiled in her mother's face:
She had brunt the roddin reid;
And she left aneath the birken chair
The spale frae a coffin-lid.

She rase and she gaed butt the hoose,
Aye steekin' door and door.
Three hours gaed by or her mother heard
Her fit upo' the floor.

But whan the grey cock crew, she heard
The sound o' shoeless feet;
Whan the red cock crew, she heard the door,
And a sough o' wind and weat.

And Janet cam' back wi' a wan face,
But never a word said she;
No man ever heard her voice look oot,
It cam' like frae ower the sea.

And no man ever heard her lauch,
Nor yet say alas or wae ;
But a smile aye glimmert on her wan face,
Like the moonlicht on the sea.

And ilka nicht 'tween the Sancts and the Souls,
Wide open she set the door ;
And she mendit the fire, and she left ae chair,
And that spale upo' the floor.

And at midnight she gaed butt the hoose,
Aye steekin' door and door.
When the reid cock crew, she cam' benn the hoose,
Aye wanner than afore—

Wanner her face, and sweeter her smile ;
Till the seventh All Souls' eve.
Her mother she heard the shoeless feet,
Said "she's comin', I believe."

But she camna benn, and her mother lay ;
For fear she cudna stan'.
But up she rase and benn she gaed,
When the gowden cock had crawn.

And Janet sat upo' the chair,
White as the day did daw ;
Her smile was a sunlint left on the sea,
When the sun has gane awa'.

The following little snatch is very sweet. No wonder, while the young singer murmured such words by her father's grave in the old churchyard, which had so increased as to swallow the church, she thought how the heavenly light shall one day swallow sun and moon. We hope the Scotticisms will not interfere with the apprehension of its beauty :—

*"Ane by ane they gang awa'.
The gatherer gathers great an' sma'.
Ane by ane maks ane an' a'.*

Aye whan ane is ta'en frae ane,
Ane on earth is left alane,
Twa in heaven are knit again.

Whan God's hairst is in or lang,
Golden-heidit, ripe, and thrang,
Syne begins a better sang."

We hope we have not seemed to deal unkindly with these volumes. We do not suppose if Mr. Mac Donald read this notice that he will regard our remarks with any gratification

or pleasure; but if he can think so, we should like him to believe that they have been guided by no spirit of detraction, but by a real wish to see him dealing with his art in a really honest and independent manner. He may rely upon it that most of his readers will regard the religious dissertations as wholly out of place, and, perhaps, what he will regard as really a criticism, retarding the movement of the story. We would not present such a motive as that novel readers do not care for these things, that if Mr. Mac Donald desire to set forth a faith, or to attack one, it would be better to put his views into the form of essays, even that he himself, in writing them down, may thus see more clearly. His broader and more distinct criticisms are sometimes most admirable: this of *Tristram Shandy*:—

“A pailace o’ dirt and impidence and speeritual stink. The clever deevil had his entrails in his breest and his hert in his belly, and regairdet neither God nor his mither. His lauchter’s no like the cracklin’ o’ thorns unner a pot, but like the nicherin’ o’ a deil ahin’ the wainscot. Lat him sit and rot there!”

And this also of the poet Shelley:—

“A bonny cratur, wi’ mair thochts nor there was room for i’ the bit heid o’ ’m. Consequently he gaed staiggin’ aboot as gin he had been tied to the tail o’ an inveesible balloon. Unco licht heidit, but no muckle hairm in him by natur’.”

Such passages show abundantly that a real moral purpose presides over, and runs through, the work of the author. We do not look upon him, or write of him, as a mere novel writer. There is not a word in this work which betrays the slightest approach to that sensationalism which has infected nearly the whole race. There is much of the sweetest breath of mountain villages, and streams, and woods; it only lacks kindness, belief, and some faith in the good to be found everywhere. Whether we have enjoyed *Alec Forbes* as much as *David Elginbrod*, we shall not say; but we have not the slightest hesitation in speaking of it as a great advance upon the author’s first novel, and we shall receive with much pleasure his next contribution, in the assurance that by that time he will leave the creeds and the sects behind him, leave Mrs. Oliphant to deal with Carlingford and Salem Chapel, and, for himself, if he determine on being a Scottish painter, walk rather in the step and in the manner of John Galt.

III.

THE PROBLEM OF JAMAICA.*

HERE we have another book on Jamaica ; it has this value about it, that it shall give to us the opportunity we have long coveted of expressing what we have also long felt to be the truth with reference to that most beautiful, once much overpraised, and now as much unrighteously despised, island. The book before us may receive at once a very summary dismissal. Mr. Dendy's paper, containing brief biographical notices of several of the more eminent of the deceased missionaries, is certainly interesting. Mr. Clark's paper also contains a number of facts, none of which are particularly new ; they have been recited many times in various publications, and are here gathered together. Mr. Phillippo's paper is merely a missionary sermon, or rather, we suppose, a collection of missionary sermons, for it occupies upwards of a hundred pages ; the same also may be said of the introductory paper by Mr. East. The handsomely got up volume is exceedingly tantalizing and provoking ; here are some three hundred and fifty pages devoted to a note of triumph over the whole history and affairs of the island, as though God was complacent, and all on-lookers perfectly pleased with the state of things there. In point of fact, the volume just illustrates how a man may live in his own house and know nothing about it. This is not remarkable : we have known many an old inhabitant of a village or a town who has known very little of it ; and we are compelled to say, that this book exhibits profound ignorance of everything concerning Jamaica, excepting, perhaps, the interests of the little chapel in which the respective writers exercise their ministry. If our opinion can be of any service to the volume, we give it frankly ; it is the weakest of the many weak pieces we have met with on Jamaica. We set ourselves to the following task of attempting to say what, we believe, in this country, never has been said touching the comparative failure of Jamaica as a colony, because we know how

* *The Voice of Jubilee : A Narrative of the Baptist Mission, Jamaica, from its commencement, with Biographical Notices of its Fathers and Founders.* By John Clark, W. Dendy, and J. M. Phillippo, Baptist Missionaries. With an Introduction by David J. East. John Snow.

extensively an opinion prevails as to its failure, and also how many are disposed to attribute its comparative failure to the Emancipation Act. A black man on the wreck of a raft was once attempting to toil ashore; there was hope of safety, for a rope was thrown to him by a planter from a projecting rock, "but," shouted the planter, "if I save you, will you be my slave?" "Not at all," said Blackie, "if my life is saved, I save it for myself." "Then go," said the planter, then go to ——" and he flung the rope into the water, and poor Blackie was lost. This is very much the case of Jamaica. There was a time when Jamaica was governed after a fashion, governed too much, governed exasperatingly; the slave, aided by his strong, white friends, became free; from that time, Government seems to have thrown the rope in the water, and to have permitted Jamaica to drift for itself, only apparently exercising its parental care for the purpose of asserting its right of severity and obstruction. The emancipation of serfs and slaves does not therefore proclaim them immediately fitted for all the privileges of cultivated citizens; many, perhaps, may be even fitted for this; but a training is needed. Jamaica seems to have been deserted by the hands which might have helped her, and even her friends, and the friends of common-sense and truth, have little understood, on this side of the Atlantic, the real case, and how it is that so fair and lovely a spot should prove to be such an irritation and disappointment. We believe the facts and truths we are about to put before our readers have never been published in this country before. We hope they may produce conviction, and that conviction may result somewhere or somehow in some measure of energetic help.

It is now more than thirty-four years since the insurrection in Jamaica brought that island prominently before the public mind of England; since that period it has been the theatre of extraordinary events and strange vicissitudes; at one period exciting the most sanguine expectations, and at another producing the deepest despondency. It was confidently affirmed by many, that the possession of perfect liberty, and the enjoyment of all the constitutional privileges of British citizens by the African race, would silence every objection, and not only justify the act, but prove the fitness of the negro to stand on a platform of equality with the most favoured European races, whilst their intellectual, moral, and religious attainments, as well as their industry and rapid elevation in social position, would present such a spectacle to the world, as must for ever silence the abettors and defenders of slavery, and show the policy, as well as the humanity and justice, of extending the blessing of emancipation to the African

racés in every country of the world. Twenty-seven years have elapsed since the great Act of Emancipation received its final accomplishment, and it becomes us now to enquire how far those fond expectations have been realized.

In considering this important and interesting question, it is not our intention to examine into the present condition of the West Indian Islands generally, but to confine our observations to the island of Jamaica, not only because it is the largest and most important of the British possessions in the Caribbeean Sea, but because, from its ample territory, fertile soil, and large population, it presents a field in which the blessings of emancipation could have more ample scope for development, and the results become more clearly manifest. What, then, has been the past history of a quarter of a century in Jamaica, and what is its present condition? Judging from statistical information, it cannot be denied that, instead of progressing, the agricultural and commercial interests of that island have been in a steadily increasing course of decline, until they have become so small in amount as to create the deepest anxiety lest they will become almost, if not altogether, annihilated; whilst the social and moral degradation of large masses of the people, and the rapid increase of crime, both in amount and intensity, which within the last two years has developed itself in the island, together with the rapidly spreading disregard to the claims of religion, and the aboundings of ignorance, superstition, and immorality, have not only disappointed the hopes of those who feel a deep interest in the welfare of the negroes, but have supplied arguments to the pro-slavery party.

Visits have been made to the island both by private gentlemen and deputations from various religious societies, and books have been published containing the results of their observations, but none has been able to dispel the mystery which hangs over Jamaica; it remains, to the present hour, a vexed and unsolved problem, and the question is still asked, how is it that so beautiful and fertile an island, abounding with all the natural elements of prosperity which a bounteous God could bestow, should be the scene of so much poverty and wretchedness; and that a people who, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of slavery and apprenticeship, appeared to possess so much capacity for moral and religious improvements, should, after twenty-seven years of freedom and blessed with such abundant opportunities of culture and advancement, instead of realizing the expectations of their friends, have disappointed, to so great an extent, their hopes, and sunk into a condition of so much poverty and such deep moral and spiritual debasement?

It is to endeavour, in some measure, to account for this that the writer has undertaken to publish this pamphlet, in the hope that he may be able to throw some new light on this dark subject, and afford at least a clue by which others better able may trace the perplexed and involved question of the decadence of Jamaica to its true source, and thus be enabled to suggest a remedy by which its evils may be stayed, and that noble and fertile island once more restored to prosperity.

One of the principal reasons why so much ignorance of the true condition of Jamaica prevails in England, may be traced to the very superficial and imperfect views which those who have visited and written about the island have had of its real condition, and the very partial range of their observations, or from the party views or private interests of those who have been residents in it, and which have caused them to give one-sided representations, as their own feelings or interest have guided them. A few years ago, Mr. Trollope visited the island, in connection with some appointment, and on his return wrote a book on Jamaica, which, however witty and amusing, and certainly in some parts exhibiting strong powers of observation, could not be regarded as an authoritative and trustworthy statement of its true condition. His residence in the island was very short, during which he hurried rapidly through the country, glancing at things "*currente calamo*," whilst his only other sources of information were supplied by a few post-masters and overseers; men of very limited knowledge and of strongly prejudiced minds. It was a clever sketch and a droll caricature, but as a calm, deliberate picture of the true state of things in Jamaica is altogether unworthy of credit. After that a gentleman from the United States (Mr. Sewell) made a tour of the island and also published a book, which, although written in a more serious and thoughtful strain, and in many respects the best that has been written, is liable to the same objection of hasty and superficial observation and want of time to mature or correct his first impressions, whilst, being a perfect stranger, he enjoyed no opportunities of obtaining information beyond those of his own personal observations. In 1860, Dr. Underhill and the Rev. Mr. Brown of Northampton were sent to the island as a deputation from the Baptist Missionary Society, but it is much to be doubted whether their sources of information, although different, were such as would be likely to afford a true idea of the actual state of things; their intercourse was principally with the ministers of their own denomination and the churches and congregations under their care, and whilst we would not cast a shadow of suspicion

on the good faith of those gentlemen or their informants, yet we cannot ignore the fact that those missionaries have ever held strong opinions in favour of the emancipated people, and have been considered as politically and personally antagonistic to the planters around them, and were consequently not very likely to give an altogether unbiassed account of the condition of the people, or the real state of the island, whilst as far as their personal observation is concerned their opportunities could scarcely be said to equal those of the two gentlemen who went before them. Their tour was little more than a brief and hurried rush through the island, almost every day visiting the churches, with which they had meetings or interviews of a few hours, and then hastened away to meet another expectant congregation with which the same scene was re-acted; and then their mission was completed in the short space of four months, during which they travelled the length and breadth of the land, and visited from seventy to eighty churches and congregations; certainly, an instance of speed and diligence rarely equalled in Jamaica, but which any reflecting person must feel to be such as to utterly preclude the possibility of anything like a true acquaintance with the actual condition of those things they were sent specially to investigate, and still more so to form a correct opinion of the actual, social, and moral condition of the people. We may go further and affirm that the course they pursued, so far from being the best method of becoming acquainted with facts, was the most effectual plan they could adopt to conceal the real state of the congregations, or obtain altogether false views of them. Had they desired to obtain a true idea of the condition of their churches, and the religious character of the people, not four months, but at least twelve months should have been occupied, their visits to the churches should not have been previously announced, but made at times when they were not expected, and their intercourse with the people should have been incog., and not in their capacity as the accredited agents of the Society in England. But instead of this their visits were publicly announced beforehand to the congregations, and their attendance urged by their ministers, and the idea of seeing the deputation of the Society in England furnished a circumstance well calculated to create a lively stir amongst such an excitable and excitement-loving people. The result was just as might have been expected: multitudes attended the meetings who were never seen within the walls at other times, chapel-yards were filled with horses, the people put on their best raiment, and wore their blindest smiles, and everything looked

"couleur de rose." Could it have been expected to be otherwise under such arrangement? No, it could not, and it is doubtful whether they intended that it should. The Society had an object in sending a deputation to Jamaica; it was to silence the clamours of their missionaries and supply an argument for refusing any aid in future to the Mission, and they succeeded in that object; the thronging multitudes that met them at these various meetings, the numbers of their horses, the comfortable appearance, and, in many cases, the smartness of the dress of the people, together with the boastings of the thousands of acres of land which they possessed, supplied just such an argument as they wanted, and enabled Dr. Underhill, on these false though specious representations and appearances, to construct that wonderful and ingenious calculation of their wealth, which he made in New York and England, and which, although altogether false in fact, was sufficient for a time to put to silence all pleas of distress. It is only now after a period of five years that the beautiful illusion has been dissipated, and the real condition of the people has startled the Christian world with the ghastly spectacle of spiritual declension and squalid poverty: better, far better that societies should send no deputations at all, than deputations conducted on such principles; they cannot possibly effect any good, while the mischiefs which such crude, one-sided, and self-confident statements produce on the public mind are beyond calculation. No wonder, therefore, that Dr. Underhill's book should, like its predecessors, fail to afford a true representation of the condition of Jamaica.

After such repeated failures it may appear presumptuous in the writer to attempt a task of so much difficulty. He has, however, one advantage which his predecessors did not enjoy (*viz.*), ample opportunities of observation, having been a resident in the island for nearly thirty years, during which he has resided both in the agricultural districts and in the city of Kingston, and not only mingled with all classes of persons, planters, merchants, officials, and ministers of religion of every denomination, but also has had close and intimate acquaintance with upwards of twenty thousand of the labouring population; and not having been personally interested, either in agricultural or commercial pursuits, nor being identified with any party, political or religious, he may be presumed to be unbiassed in his opinions, and competent to present a fair and true statement of the actual state of things existing in the island. It is proposed, in the following pages, to present a faithful representation of the present condition of Jamaica, as it regards its

commercial, political, and social interests, to examine into some of the causes which have produced the present depressed condition of all those interests, and suggest a few thoughts on the measures which appear necessary to relieve its present distresses, and restore the island once more to a prosperous condition.

The first subject which claims attention is, *The Commercial and Agricultural Condition of Jamaica*.

The decay of the commercial and agricultural interest in Jamaica has been so considerable, and is so intimately connected with the social well-being of all classes of its population, as to demand the first and most serious investigation as to the causes which could have occasioned it, as well as the means by which its downward tendency may be arrested, and by which those important interests may be again revived if not restored.

In 1805, Jamaica exported 150,352 hogsheads of sugar; in 1814, 34,045,585 lbs. coffee; in 1832, 19,815,010 lbs. pimenta, and in 1797, 7,869,138 lbs. ginger. These were indeed the largest crops ever produced in the island, and not to be considered as fair averages, but still they go to show the capacity of the island for the production of its great staples; but what can we think when we compare those magnificent products with the miserable array of figures which our present exports present? At the present time, the average of sugar is no more than one-fifth, or 30,000 hogsheads; coffee one-fourth, or 8,000,000 lbs.; pimenta two-fifths, or 8,000,000 lbs.; whilst ginger has sunk to one-twelfth, or 650,000 lbs. It must, however, be borne in mind, that even before the emancipation the productions of the island had considerably decreased; in 1834 it amounted to only 84,756 hogsheads, and 32,114 barrels of sugar, equal to 88,770 hogsheads, 17,725,731 lbs. coffee, 3,605,400 lbs. pigmenta, and 2,976,420 lbs. ginger. This, however, was considerably below the former average, and may, to a great extent, be attributed to the large number of estates on the north side of the island, which had been destroyed during the insurrection of 1832. Nor should it be omitted that a much greater quantity of sugar is consumed in the island now than in the days of slavery. Still, making every allowance, the very great decrease in the staple productions of the island is sufficient to awaken the greatest anxiety, and to call for the most earnest and thorough investigation into the causes which could have occasioned so fearful a state of things.

These causes are various, and involve, more or less, all the parties concerned in the cultivation of the staples of the island. There can be no doubt that proprietors, managers, and labourers

were, to a very considerable extent, unprepared for the new condition of things in which the sudden termination of the apprenticeship placed them in 1838,—when, in consequence of the unsatisfactory working of that system, the British Parliament resolved at once to bring it to a termination. The experiment of apprenticeship was, during its whole existence, a great and signal failure, and it is a matter of doubt whether it were wise to introduce such a provision at all into the Act of Emancipation; doubtless, the intention on the part of the British Parliament was good, and had it been honestly and properly carried out, would have gradually prepared the slaves for their coming freedom, and the employers for the new relation in which they were to stand with them; but, however excellent in theory, it was soon found to be impossible to result satisfactorily when reduced to practice. The proprietors generally viewed the apprentices as so much valuable property which was soon to be wrested from their grasp, and were desirous of availing themselves to the utmost of the opportunities which the period of apprenticeship offered to render them as profitable as possible. The managers were enraged at the idea of losing that almost unlimited authority which they had formerly possessed over the slaves, and appeared determined to make the most of their short lease of power over, and profit from, the apprentices; whilst we cannot be surprised that in some cases the apprentices were in their turn too ready to take advantage of their improved condition and dawning liberty, and were not so passive and submissive to their masters as in former days they had been. Hence arose those continual disputes between them and the overseers, and constant appeals to the stipendiary magistrates, whose decision being too frequently in favour of the strong against the weak, caused the apprentices to appeal to the ministers of religion for protection; these laid the cases before the Government, and Colonial Office, as well as published many of the most gross and oppressive in the anti-slavery papers, and thus a feeling of hostility and bitterness was engendered throughout the island which split society into factious parties, and prevented that spirit of mutual conciliation being cultivated, which was so indispensable to the well-being of all parties and the general prosperity of the island.

Much as the prostrate and helpless condition of the planters at the present time entitles them to sympathy, it cannot be denied that it was themselves that originally laid the foundations of those wide-spread and gigantic evils which have since wrought so much ruin. At the commencement of freedom, the attorneys and overseers rather resembled madmen than reasonable beings;

deprived of the unrequited labours of the slaves, their great object seemed to be to assimilate their freedom as nearly as possible to slavery. Meetings of planters were held in which they agreed to unite in fixing the wages of the labourers at the lowest possible amount,* whilst enormous rents were demanded for the labourers' cottages and provision grounds; indeed, in many cases a *per capita* rental so great as to absorb the entire wages of the labourers was imposed and enforced. Such a state of things could not long continue. The negroes became impatient of such impositions and refused to submit to them, which, as the rents were deducted from the wages, led to their refusing to work. The managers next resorted to forcible ejectment; they unroofed their dwellings, cut down their bread-fruit, and other trees, tore up their provisions from the grounds, and drove the people with their families into the open roads. It was this impolitic, as well as oppressive conduct, that gave the finishing stroke to the alienation of the labourers from the estates. The strong local attachments of the negroes were well known in the island, and had they been wisely taken advantage of, might have been the salvation of the estates; but they were made use of only to coerce and punish, and thus was severed the only tie which held them to their old homes and led them to obtain land of their own which would be exempt from unjust extortion, and safe from the rude hand of violence. But this removal from the estates, which first arose from necessity, soon grew to be an all-absorbing passion; multitudes speedily followed the examples that had been set them, and abandoned the properties on which they had been born, to become possessors of their own lands, until many estates became altogether abandoned, and on nearly all the numbers of labourers became greatly reduced, the people preferring the independence and security of their own homesteads to the expensive and uncertain tenure of the dwellings on their masters' properties. Many of our readers, no doubt, well know Thomas Carlyle's *Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question*. The facts we have just presented cut the ground from under that extraordinary production: upon a covenant of unrighteousness society cannot hold together. Mr. Carlyle, after his own fashion, says:—

And first, with regard to the West Indies, it may be laid down as a principle, which no eloquence in Exeter Hall, or Westminster Hall, or

* The writer was present in Montego Bay when such a resolution was adopted, fixing the wages of an able-bodied field-labourer at seven-pence half-penny sterling, although they had before sworn their value to be four bits, or 1s. 6d. sterling.

elsewhere, can invalidate or hide, except for a short time only, That no Black man who will not work according to what ability the gods have given him for working, has the smallest right to eat pumpkin, or to any fraction of land that will grow pumpkin, however plentiful such land may be; but has an indisputable and perpetual *right* to be compelled, by the real proprietors of said land, to do competent work for his living. *This is the everlasting duty of all men, black or white, who are born into this world.* To do competent work, to labour honestly according to the ability given them; for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world; and woe is to every man who, by friend or by foe, is prevented from fulfilling this the end of his being. That is the "unhappy" lot; lot equally unhappy cannot otherwise be provided for man. Whatsoever prohibits or prevents a man from this his sacred appointment to labour while he lives on earth,—that, I say, is the man's deadliest enemy; and all men are called upon to do what is in their power or opportunity towards delivering him from that. If it be his own indolence that prevents and prohibits him, then his own indolence is the enemy he must be delivered from: and the first "right" he has,—poor indolent blockhead, black or white,—is, That every unprohibited man, whatsoever wiser, more industrious person may be passing that way, shall endeavour to "emancipate" him from his indolence, and by some wise means, as I said, compel him, since inducing will not serve, to do the work he is fit for. Induce him, if you can: yes, sure enough, by all means try what inducement will do; and indeed every coachman and carman knows that secret, without our preaching, and applies it to his very horses as the true method:—but if your Nigger will not be induced? In that case, it is full certain, he must be compelled; should and must; and the tacit prayer he makes (unconsciously he, poor blockhead), to you, and to me, and to all the world who are wiser than himself, is, "Compel me!" For indeed he *must*, or else do and suffer worse,—he as well as we. It were better the work did come out of him! It was the meaning of the gods with him and with us, that his gift should turn to use in this Creation, and not lie poisoning the thoroughfares, as a rotten mass of idleness, agreeable to neither heaven nor earth. *For idleness does, in all cases, inevitably rot, and become putrescent;—and I say deliberately, the very Devil is in it.*

But we have shown what has created the idleness of the negro. Mr. Carlyle says:—

Do I, then, hate the Negro? No; except when the soul is killed out of him, I decidedly like poor Quashee; and find him a pretty kind of man. *With a pennyworth of oil, you can make a handsome glossy thing of Quashee, when the soul is not killed in him!* A swift, supple fellow; a merry-hearted, grinning, dancing, singing, affectionate kind of creature, with a great deal of melody and amenability in his composition. This certainly is a notable fact: The black African, alone of wild men, can live among men civilized. While all manner of Caribs

and others pine into annihilation in presence of the pale faces, he contrives to continue; does not die of sullen irreconcilable rage, of rum, of brutish laziness and darkness, and fated incompatibility with his new place; but lives and multiplies, and evidently means to abide among us, if we can find the right regulation for him. We shall have to find it.

He writes:—

"Persist diligently, if so; but at all events, begin! For example, ought there not to be, in every Slave State, a fixed legal sum, on paying which, any Black man was entitled to demand his freedom? Settle a fair sum; and let it stand fixed by law. If the poor Black can, by forethought, industry, self-denial, accumulate this sum, has he not proved the actual 'freedom' of his soul, to a fair extent: in God's name, why will you keep his body captive? It seems to me, a well-considered law of this kind might do you invaluable service:—might it not be a real *safety-valve*, and ever-open *chimney*, for that down-pressed Slave-world with whatever injustices are still in it; whereby all the stronger and really worthier elements would escape peaceably, as they arose, instead of accumulating there, and convulsing you, as now? Or again, look at the Serfs of the Middle Ages: they married, and gave in marriage; nay, they could not even be *divorced* from their natal soil; had home, family, and a treatment that was human. Many laws, and gradually a whole code of laws, on this matter, could be made! And will have to be made; if you would avoid the ugly Demerara issue, or even uglier which may be in store. I can see no other road for you. This new question has arisen, million-voiced: 'What *are* the wages of a Black servant, hired for life by White men?' This question must be answered, in some not insupportably erroneous way: gods and men are warning you that you must answer it, if you would continue there!"

These words were spoken especially with reference to American slavery, but they are applicable to the labour market of the West Indies, and especially of Jamaica; and the failure in the West Indies, and the laziness of the negro, are to be traced ultimately to the unrighteousness of the legislator.

It is doubtful whether this migration of the people from the estates would have worked any very serious injury to the agricultural interests of the island, had it been judiciously effected. Such villages formed in the immediate neighbourhoods of the sugar estates would have supplied a body of labourers always available for the working of the property, while the condition of the people would, by such an arrangement, have been considerably improved; but except in very few instances this was not the case, the proprietors were not disposed to sell land in such localities, whilst the negroes evinced

but little desire to obtain it. What they wanted was land suitable for growing provisions, good rich land at a low price; and as these qualities could be found combined only in the mountains and remote distances, the labourers and their families were lost to the estates, and their labour in most cases ceased to be available for the cultivation of sugar. The extent to which this and other causes have operated to the injury of our agricultural interests, may be judged from the fact that reckoning for each labourer only one hogshead of sugar per annum—which is little more than half the usual estimate—the result of our present exports would show only about 30,000 labourers engaged in the cultivation of sugar, out of a population of 350,000.*

* A recent Jamaica newspaper remarks:—

"Poverty, as described by this 'Circular,' can never exist in Jamaica, but from—as Mr. Oughton candidly remarks—"the inveterate habit of idleness, and the low state of moral and religious principles which prevail to so fearful a degree in our community." Churches, we have in plenty, of all denominations; but, 'tis difficult to fill them, even if built on the roadsides, when 'will finds no way.' To use a vulgar adage, 'one man may place water before a horse, but unless he be inclined to drink, a battalion could not make him do so.' The maintenance of schools throughout the country has been tried over and over again, and have as repeatedly failed in success; simply from an absence of desire on the part of parents to educate their offspring. We speak of the class that the 'Circular' is understood to refer to, for we have frequently heard parents express themselves that, their children would be better employed 'in their fields,' than wasting their money (3d. per week) to 'larn edicashun.' One man actually told us that, 'it was a very good thing, but he had managed to do without it, and his son must make up his mind to do the same.' In the absence of anything like a desire towards improvement, rests solely the amount of moral and religious degradation. In the absence of a desire to work honestly and cheerfully, is simply to be attributed the apparent poverty said to exist in this country. Thousands of acres of uncultivated land, at this present moment, lie groaning beneath the weight of rank weeds and shrubs, where all the many articles of a tropical clime could be produced bountifully, if the strong arms now confined in our prisons were put forth, backed with a manly untiring energy. This description of land can be rented from twelve shillings to twenty shillings *per annum* per acre; any man of trifling judgment can form an estimate of the profits to be realized therefrom. God in his mercy has blessed our land; no snows nor frosts interrupt our vegetation; January is the same as June; our island is at all times productive, ready to bring forth even without assistance in the way of manuring. 'You have but to scratch the ground and put the seed in, and nature will grow it for you,' was the terse remark of an old farmer to us, on which we expressed doubts, and referred to many who cried out about 'Distress in Jamaica;' he gravely answered—"they did not put the seed in." The not putting 'the seed in' has been the cause of our prisons being so full, and they are likely to continue so until the law specially enacted on their account, shall have come into operation."

Another cause of our agricultural and commercial depression is want of capital.

It must be borne in mind that previous to emancipation a large proportion of the estates in Jamaica had been mortgaged to merchants and others in England; these received the compensation money awarded for the slaves, on account of their mortgage claims, and thus those large sums which should have been employed in maintaining the cultivation of the estates under the new system, never reached Jamaica at all; thus the planters were left to struggle with greatly increased expenses in the form of wages, whilst they had no corresponding means of meeting the demand. This naturally crippled their action; they had no means for keeping up the necessary amount of cattle and stock to work the estates advantageously, nor to maintain the premises in proper order, whilst it also prevented them availing themselves of new and improved machinery, and other implements, for cultivating and manufacturing the sugar; consequently, many estates became totally abandoned, their works dismantled, and the stills and other metals sent off the country to be sold as old copper and lead, whilst others were reduced to one half, and in not a few instances to one quarter, of their former production.

There were, however, other circumstances which aided in producing these melancholy results; it has already been stated that the compensation money was retained by the mortgagees in England, but those moneys were not nearly sufficient to satisfy their claims, and they therefore still continued to hold their mortgages over the land and the crops it produced. This entailed new charges against the manufacturer of the staples, in the shape of interest on the remaining debts, as well as for those advances which the poverty-stricken planters were obliged every year to obtain in order to carry on the cultivation. Nor did the mischief end here; it prevented their adopting the most economical means of manufacturing, and the most advantageous method of disposing of their crops; they were compelled to obtain their supplies from the mortgagees or their agents at extravagant prices; and as the mortgages were liens on the crops they were also compelled to ship at the wharfs of their agents, instead of others more convenient and cheaper, to send their produce to England by particular ships, paying 25 per cent. more for freight than it might have been obtained for by other vessels; which, together with agents' commissions and other charges, on the back of the forced sales to which they were obliged to submit to meet their pressing wants, left little or no profit to compensate the planter for his toils, or the

proprietor for his land, whilst, to crown their misfortunes, even the assistance obtained at so much cost and sacrifice has been, in many cases, withheld as the properties became poorer and less productive, or the low prices of sugars have diminished the prospect of the usual amount of profit being obtained on the advances.

Another cause of the depression of our exports is the system under which cultivation is carried on, and especially the entire absence of mutual interest in all the parties concerned in its production.

It must be remembered that generally the sugar plantations are not cultivated by resident proprietors, but are the property of absentees; their management is therefore necessarily committed to resident attorneys, overseers, book-keepers, &c. Such a system must involve a very heavy additional charge on the productions. The attorney receives from £5 to £6 per cent. commission on the entire crop, the overseers' salaries average about £150 per annum, and the book-keepers' about £70 or £80 each, but these imposts, heavy as they are, do not constitute the only or greater mischief, resulting from such a system.

The management of the properties of absentees has all the evils and abuses of the old system of middle men in Ireland; it works oppressively to the labourers, and injuriously to the proprietors. The attorneys generally pay but little attention to the estates under their charge, frequently living many miles' distance from them and seldom visiting them, so that they are left principally to the uncontrolled management of the overseers; and we must not feel surprised that these overseers, having suffered considerably in their circumstances by reduction of salaries, as well as the loss of many other advantages enjoyed during the period of slavery, should seek to compensate themselves for such losses in any other way that may be open to them; indeed such a presumption becomes confirmed by the fact that many of them live in a style which their limited means could not afford, and some of them save money, with which they purchase estates of their own; these circumstances may help to explain the very common complaint of the labourers, that their wages are not paid with regularity, as well as the continual disputes about money stopped for alleged loss of time, and other causes, where, as it is of no use to appeal to the magistrates' courts, where those very overseers and their friends sit to decide each other's cases, the labourer has no chance of redress, and, thus dispirited, he leaves the cultivation of the estates to labour on his own

ground, and his labour is lost for all useful purposes : * whilst on the other hand it may account for the enormous costs of working charged against the proprietors, which not only absorb all the profit of their estates, but frequently involve them in debt.

That these evils proceed from the absenteeism of the proprietors, and their interests being committed to the care of strangers, may be inferred from the fact that in many cases in which estates for years have not paid the proprietors their expense of outlay, and they, wearied with repeated yearly losses instead of profits, have resolved to get rid of their valueless and burdensome properties, they have been purchased by the very same managers who had so unsuccessfully cultivated them, but who no sooner became owners than they have contrived immediately to realize a very handsome income from them, as well as in a very few years to repay themselves the entire cost of their purchase.

Another cause which has increased the decline of the commercial and agricultural interest of Jamaica is, the equalization of the sugar duties of British Colonies with those of foreign and slave states.

It has been argued that with respect to the equalization of the sugar duties, the planter has no just cause of complaint, inasmuch as it only places him in the same position with the British farmer. Such a course of reasoning, however specious, and regarded as unanswerable in England, will be found to be altogether inconsistent with facts. Not only has the planter in British Colonies to contend against slave-cultivated countries, whilst the English farmer has not, and is thus compelled to use the costly and uncertain labour of the free negroes, whilst they can command the uncompensated and certain labour of the slave, but he has other serious disabilities from which the English farmer is free. Foreign corn, when imported into England, has frequently to be carried considerable distances to the port of shipment, and then to be conveyed in vessels and consigned to English agents for sale, whilst the farmer in England has his market near to his farm: consequently, he has all the cost of land-carriage, freight, insurance, loading and unloading, bonding, agents' commissions at home and abroad, together with waste by transmission, and discount on bills of ex-

* Proved by the fact that when wages are regularly paid, labour can always be obtained ; whilst when they are paid irregularly and only at long intervals, disputes continually arise, and labour is uncertain and insufficient.

change, all working to his advantage, and with the one shilling per quarter duty constituting a very considerable protection on British grown corn. But the planter in the West Indies enjoys none of these benefits against his competitors in foreign and slave states. He is liable to quite as much expense in sending his sugar from Jamaica as the Spaniard in sending his from Cuba, or Porto Rico, and, for the reasons above stated, oftentimes more; so that instead of being placed in the same condition as his fellow subjects (the farmers) in England, he stands in an infinitely disadvantageous position, and is treated rather as a foreigner than a subject of the British Government.

Under such a combination of adverse circumstances, it cannot be surprising that the production and commerce of Jamaica should have declined. How is it possible that they could prosper against so many and such insurmountable difficulties? Impoverished proprietors, encumbered estates, high rates of interest for capital, and, withal, no personal supervision, but an enormous tariff on the produce, in the shape of commissions to attorneys and agents at home and abroad, and salaries to overseers and book-keepers; whilst, to crown all, those very persons by whom the properties are superintended are men who have no concern for the prosperity of the proprietors, or the contentment of the labourers, but whose advantage and interests are antagonistic to both,—could any estates in England, or any other country, prosper under similar circumstances? It would be impossible they should, and the wonder is, not that the cultivation of Jamaica has declined, but that it has not been long ago altogether annihilated.

Hitherto nothing has been said respecting the almost universal complaint of the idleness of the negroes, and their indisposition to supply regular labour to the estates, as well as the very small amount of work done by them when thus employed, which, although their wages may appear but small, makes cultivation enormously expensive. It is to be feared that these complaints have not been made without sufficient reason, nor is it easy to suggest a remedy. Immigration has been tried, but not in a sufficient degree to meet the requirements of the island; nor is there much prospect, in its present impoverished condition, that much can be expected from such sources; but if it were otherwise, it is doubtful whether it would greatly benefit the commerce of the island. So long as the evils already mentioned exist, all complaints of want of labour lose their point and force. Indeed, it is doubtful, even were the labourers more industrious and willing, that the cultivation of sugar could be profitably carried on, so long as it has to

endure all those burdens which, at the present time, press as a crushing incubus upon it.

It has been a painful task then to set forth the many evils which surround, and seem ready to destroy, the unfortunate island of Jamaica; but it is a much more difficult undertaking to suggest such remedies as may tend to remove them. The fact of *non-residence* is, doubtless, the chief, as may be gathered from the fact that whilst non-residents very rarely derive much benefit from their properties, and often much loss, *those who personally superintend their own estates, not only generally render them remunerative, but when they are unencumbered by debt, oftentimes contrive to accumulate fortunes from them.* The avoidance of this evil is scarcely to be hoped for so far as it respects the great bulk of the absentee proprietors; it becomes, therefore, our duty to suggest such measures as may appear most likely to lessen the evils arising from it, so far as may be possible.

One of the first cares of the absentee proprietor should be to place his properties in the hands of men of known probity, industrious habits, and well acquainted with planting. Estates which have for years been comparatively unproductive, and appeared sinking into ruin, have, by being placed in charge of a sober, intelligent, and faithful manager, been speedily improved, and ultimately become sources of considerable profit.* There are, however, but few proprietors who are blessed with managers possessing this invaluable combination of good qualities; and yet without such the proprietor has but a poor prospect of much success. It has been hinted in the former pages how strong the temptation is for the managers to sacrifice the proprietors' interests to their own; and when it is considered how favourable are the circumstances in which they are placed to the accomplishment of such objects, it must at once be seen how indispensable it is that persons enjoying such extensive and uncontrollable power, should be men who would exercise it with fidelity; but this can scarcely be expected so long as the present system with attorneys and overseers is persisted in. How can we hope that men will heartily identify themselves with the real permanent interests of an estate, when they do not know the day or the hour that it may not be taken from their charge? This, then, becomes a subject intimately connected with the future welfare of property in Jamaica, and demands careful attention and a thorough reformation.

According to the system hitherto pursued in Jamaica, an

* Neal Malcolm Penns, in the parishes of St. James's and Hanover, under the care of Mr. Edwards, affords a striking proof of this.

overseer is liable to be discharged from his situation by the attorney, at a moment's notice; and the attorney in his turn does not know but the next mail may bring his supersedeas, and place the estate in the hands of another. Now, such a system is both unfair to the planter and injurious to the proprietor; it prevents that first and great secret of successful cultivation, viz., a looking forward and making provision for the future—an utter impossibility on Jamaica estates. The Jamaica planters have to depend on their success for the continuance of their situation; and hence all their care is to make as good a crop as possible during the current year, and at the least possible expense, as a falling off in sugar, or any considerable increase in the pay-bill, would be certain to secure their dismissal. It follows, therefore, that manuring the land, keeping up the fences and buildings, and replenishing the stock, are, to as great an extent as possible, neglected; nor can we wonder that it should be so. Were a manager to do these things, and thus incur additional outlay, and sacrifice a few hogsheads of sugar, although he knew that by so doing the loss would be repaid ten-fold in the course of a couple of years, he would, in most cases, be regarded as an extravagant and unsuccessful planter, be instantly dismissed from his situation, and another would not only obtain all the emoluments of his office, but obtain the reputation of being a successful planter from that very skill and foresight which had wrought his own ruin. The consequence is, little or nothing is done to keep up the estates, or recruit the exhausted soil. The land is drained of its last atom of fertilizing power, and labour and money extended over a hundred acres to produce a less amount and a worse quality of sugar than, with better culture and a more generous supply of manure, might be obtained from fifty.

These evils can never be remedied until those entrusted with the management of estates possess a more certain tenure of their situations; it is but just that he who tills the soil should be permitted to reap its fruits, and that, except in cases of proved incompetency, or gross neglect, or unfaithfulness, those employed on sugar estates should not be removed from their situations except after timely and sufficient notice.

But the best plan of all, with respect to the management of the estates of absentees, would be the adoption of the same system in Jamaica as is pursued with farms in England, viz., leasing them out for a given number of years. This would bring the estates under the supervision of those who are directly interested in their prosperity, whilst it would curtail, if not altogether remove, many of the expenses to which an absentee

proprietor is liable. Under such a system, the lessee would be encouraged to adopt measures to render the soil more fruitful, and keep the works and fences in better *répair*; whilst the identity of interest which would be established between the planters and the labourers would induce a line of conduct likely to remove the feelings of mistrust, dislike, and alienation which have so long existed to the detriment of the agricultural interests of the country, and the injury of the proprietors.

Nor does it appear likely that the owners of estates would be losers by the adoption of such a course. They would receive certain rentals for their properties, as the landlord does for his farms, and would be saved all the anxiety and loss incident to cultivation on their own account; and although the proceeds thus obtained may appear trifling to one who has been accustomed to attach ideas of large profits to a sugar estate, yet the certainty of the return would, to a great extent, compensate for the diminished amount; and, in the meanwhile, their properties being judiciously managed, would increase instead of diminishing in value, whilst they would have the satisfaction of knowing that the interests of the island were being promoted by the adoption of such a course, and its adoption favourable to the advancement of morality and religion—for it is a well-known fact that the uncertain tenure by which overseers, &c., hold their situations, makes them unwilling to enter into marriage relations, since they do not know how soon their wives and children may be homeless; and thus the present system, in addition to its other evils, tends to foster and perpetuate that system of concubinage and immorality which exists to so alarming an extent throughout the length and breadth of the island.

The want of practical knowledge in those who possess the chief authority in the management of estates in Jamaica, is also an evil that calls for a prompt and efficient remedy. It is a fact that many of the finest estates in the island are placed in the charge of those who know nothing whatever about the cultivation of land or the manufacture of sugar; indeed, it may be said of many of them that they very seldom visit the properties at all for which they are attorneys. This is not surprising when we consider who and what these attorneys are. They are not, as they should be, persons acquainted with agriculture—planters by profession—but merchants in the city of Kingston and chief provincial towns, or lawyers, or persons holding situations under Government, gentlemen whose time is altogether taken up in discharging the duties of their offices, or managing their business, and who consequently have no leisure to devote to the estates, nor any knowledge that could benefit them even

were they to attempt to do so. They furnish the supplies, receive and ship the produce, draw the bills, and settle the accounts of the estate; and that is, in most cases, nearly or quite all that they do for their very remunerative commissions. It is impossible to conceive that any system so monstrous would be tolerated in any other country in the world; it can be compared, for folly, to nothing but employing a tailor to superintend the manufacture of a steam-engine, or a merchant's clerk to direct the construction of a railroad. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, is a wise as well as an old aphorism, and the sooner it is applied to the attorneys of sugar estates the better it would be for all the parties interested in them. This evil would, however, be obviated by leasing the estates to practical planters, and is another argument in favour of so reasonable, as well as desirable, a course of action.

It would not, however, be doing justice to the subject, were the long-vexed and difficult question of labour altogether neglected. This is a question which has for years engrossed a large share of public attention, and on which the most diverse opinions have been expressed. On the one hand, complaints have been loud and oft-repeated, that the negroes will not work on the estates, and large sums have been expended to obtain immigrants to supply those places which the native labourers had abandoned; whilst, on the other hand, there have not been wanting men to assert that the complaints of the planters have been unfounded, that the negroes will work for fair and reasonable wages, and, consequently, that the hundreds of thousands of pounds that have been expended on immigration, and brought the island so deeply into debt, has not only been a wasteful expenditure for an unnecessary purpose, but an unjust reflection on the character of the negro, and a positive wrong done to him, by introducing strangers to compete with and supersede him in the labour market.

A little examination of existing facts will go to prove that there is some truth in both of these statements, but that neither of them reveals a perfect view of the real condition of the cases; from the calculation already made, it appears that not more than one-twelfth of the labouring population of Jamaica is engaged in the cultivation of sugar, and when from that estimate the immigrants are deducted—amounting to some thousands—it will be seen that a much smaller proportion of native labourers are thus employed; it must also be borne in mind, that to obtain these immigrants, the planters have to incur heavy expenses and serious responsibilities, viz., export duties on all their produce, and annual payment to the Government,

whilst they are subjected to stringent laws, regulating their conduct to such immigrants. Is it reasonable, then, that in their circumstances of poverty, they would incur such a serious expenditure of money, or that they would undertake such heavy responsibilities in order to obtain labour from foreign sources, if labour equally good, and on which they could depend, were obtainable without any such additional outlay, or restraints, and obligations, as immigration involves?

On the other hand it is doubtful whether the assertion, that the native labourers cannot obtain employment, is altogether without foundation; *the evil seems to arise from the want of a proper estimate of the necessity of co-operation and mutual interest in order to secure mutual advantage*; both parties are regulated by a too exclusive selfishness to admit of any regulation by which their mutual interest might be promoted, and thus both parties suffer. The planters complain that they cannot obtain continuous labour, and the negroes that they cannot obtain continuous employment; and both utter, to a certain extent, the language of truth. The fact is, that the estates are generally so impoverished, that the managers, anxious to avoid all but the most indispensable outlay of money, only seek the services of the labourers when they cannot do without them (*i.e.*), the planting season and crop-time, so that it is by no means an unusual circumstance for the greater part of the labourers to be discharged without any previous notice, so soon as their objects have been accomplished; the inevitable consequence is, that the labourers are compelled to resort to other methods of filling up their time, and securing that provision for their families which, even supposing they were willing to render continuous labour to the estates, they could not depend on obtaining: and the cultivation of his provision grounds being the principal dependence of the negro for support, it is not to be expected that when the planting of his provisions, or the picking of his coffee, &c., requires his attention, he should refuse to neglect them, in order that he may meet the convenience of the overseer by returning to labour on the estate; and as these most fully require his attention during the seasons, and consequently just at the time when the planter most needs him, it follows that the cultivation is hindered, and the estates suffer. Any reflecting person cannot but readily perceive that under such a system, prosperity is impossible; it is by a community of interests, and not by their isolation, that the agricultural prosperity of Jamaica can be promoted. The labourer must feel that his employer is concerned for his welfare before he

can be brought to manifest any interest in the success of his employer. The truth is that neither party appears to be prepared for permanent engagements. Continuous labour, according to the idea of the one, is labour just when he wants it; and with the other when it suits his convenience to render it, whilst each party, by being too exclusively engrossed in the advancement of his own particular interests, has, perhaps, unconsciously worked the damage, if not the ruin, of both.

To remedy this serious evil ought to be the great object of *all who are interested in Jamaica property, or anxious for the successful working of free labour in our Colonies, or the material welfare of the emancipated negroes.* The only way which appears likely to effect this object, is by the planters making engagements with the labourers to work on the estates for some fixed and definite portion of time: this is the practice with farmers and labourers in England, and if it could be introduced into Jamaica would put an end to those contradictory outcries of want of labour on the one part, and want of employment on the other, whilst it would supersede the necessity of importing more immigrants, and tend greatly to the advantage of both proprietors and labourers. Let some particular part of the year be appropriated to this purpose—say at the end of crop, in the month of August or September—and engagements entered into with as many labourers as may be required for the ordinary working of an estate (trusting to extra hands in cases of peculiar emergency), and let the term be for not less than one year; this would secure the services of the labourers during the most favourable seasons, as well as in the taking off and manufacturing of the crop; whilst, during the intervals, they might be beneficially employed in repairing the works, keeping the fences in good order, opening new land for culture, planting grass, and clearing pastures for cattle, and thus abundantly repay the extra outlay which might be incurred by a continual, instead of an occasional, staff of labourers; and the moral influence of such a course of action would soon be perceptible; the labourers, feeling that they had a means of continual support, on which they could depend, would be less anxious to cultivate land of their own, excepting so much as might be necessary to supply the wants of their families, and would feel a stronger interest in the prosperity of an estate from which they derived by far the largest means of contributing to the comfort and welfare of their families.

There appears but one great difficulty in accomplishing so desirable an arrangement, and that lies in the suspicious

character of the negro as regards anything by which he is bound to a certain course of labour for a fixed period of time. He is too apt to consider such an engagement as an infringement on his liberty, and a return to something like the bondage of former times ; and it is to be feared that there are persons to be found in Jamaica—who, from their position and influence, ought to know and act better—that are too prone to foster this suspicious spirit, and cry out “ *Slavery !* ” whenever any of the obligations which all civilized nations acknowledge and observe, are sought to be formed with any of the negro race. But surely a system which exists in England, where real liberty is so jealously guarded, ought not to be considered as an encroachment on the liberties of the people of Jamaica ; and were there any doubt that such might be the case, laws might be enacted to regulate the system, which, whilst they enforced the faithful fulfilment of the engagements on the part of the labourers, would, at the same time, effectually protect them from all ill-treatment, oppression, or fraud on the part of their employers. Such an experiment might be tried on a limited scale by those planters who most enjoy the confidence of the labourers, and if found successful, would rapidly spread until, in a few years, the estates would be again fully supplied with dependable labour, and the staple productions of the island restored to something like their former amount. Nor should we lose sight of the powerful influence which such a system would have on the supply of capital to carry on the work ; this would be not only more plentifully supplied, but on better terms, when the capitalist feels confident of the returns, instead of being placed in the precarious condition which must ever exist where labour cannot be depended on. Such a system, however, to work successfully, will require a more than ordinary amount of prudence and self-control on the part of the planters, with a scrupulous regularity in the payment of wages, and caution in avoiding all disputes respecting their amount* ; the utmost forbearance and care should be observed with respect to irritating, abusive, or especially contemptuous language ; nothing so much alienates a negro as this, and many an estate has been seriously injured, if not ruined, by the too ready indulgence in insulting language on the part of the overseer to his labourers. It would also operate most beneficially were the overseer to exhibit more interest in the happiness of the people, by trifling

* The writer has often, in Jamaica, suggested the advisability of each estate having tickets or counters representing a day, half-day, and quarter, to be given to each labourer every evening, and such tickets or counters to represent so much money to be paid ; this would prevent all mistakes.

offices of kindness, especially in times of sickness—a small stock of useful medicines would cost but little, and would be the means of saving many lives—whilst they would operate most beneficially in creating and keeping up a feeling of goodwill towards their employers, and dependence on them, which would bind them still closer to the properties. It is impossible to calculate the amount of mischief which has arisen from the neglect of these things in past years; and if they were now adopted, and strictly and faithfully persevered in, we may, in like manner, anticipate that a corresponding amount of good may result from them.

We now proceed to remark upon the *Political and Social Condition of Jamaica*. The laws and government of a country are so intimately associated with its prosperity or decay, that a very imperfect idea of the causes of the present depressed condition of Jamaica would be conveyed, were not some allusion to be made to the political aspects of the island; complaints, loud and oft repeated, have been urged against the legislature of the country, and the partial, unjust, and, in some cases, oppressive laws that have been enacted; and although some of these objections have been advanced, and the evils arising from them have too frequently been magnified, by the spirit of party, yet the most impartial observer cannot fail to detect much, in the political condition of the island, which has tended to retard its progress, and produce not a few of the many evils under which Jamaica groans.

There can be no doubt that the political aspect of the island is most unsatisfactory: although so comparatively small a community, Jamaica has, nevertheless, been for many years the arena of political conflicts, as desperate in their malignity as any of those which are fought in the wide spheres of European empires and kingdoms—party arraigned against party, and interest opposing interest—whilst the real welfare and prosperity of the island have been, and now are, sacrificed to personal interests and party prejudices; nor can we be surprised at this, when we consider the materials of which the two chambers of legislature are composed. With respect to the Council or Upper Chamber not much need to be said, as it is not so open to objection as the House of Assembly, unless, perhaps, that there is rather too much of the government element in it, to render it so independent as might be considered desirable; still the members of that body are generally gentlemen of position in the island, and some of them men of considerable acquirements and large experience; they certainly do not dishonour their position by the rude and unseemly conduct for which the House of Assembly has become

notorious, whilst they not unfrequently interpose to prevent the ill-concocted, rash, and mischievous measures of the other section of the legislature from becoming law, and thus operate as most salutary and valuable checks to the outbreak of ignorance—a passion which too often emanates from the Assembly,—indeed, Jamaica has no occasion to blush for its Council, but rather to be thankful that it still exists as a safeguard to rational liberty, property, and constitutional rights.

The great stumbling-block in the way of the political advancement of Jamaica is the House of Assembly; nor can this occasion surprise when we consider the material of which that House is composed. The members of Assembly in Jamaica are not, like those of the British Parliament, gentlemen of independent fortune and liberal education, nor does it contain, like the House of Commons, those who have been brought up to the science of statesmanship. The Jamaica legislature is composed, for the greater part, of merchants, tradesmen, lawyers, planters, government officials, with a considerable sprinkling of small dealers, and rum-shop keepers; such materials, under the best circumstances, offer but a poor prospect of wise and beneficial legislation; they have not the time to devote to such an object, even had they the ability, but many of them are deplorably ignorant men, and not a few are grossly immoral, whilst nearly all are more or less needy.

With such an Assembly who could reasonably expect legislation on broad and liberal principles; or that the real interests and welfare of the community would be promoted when left to the tender mercies of men who are not only incompetent to fulfil the important duties of their trust, but are almost all on the eager look-out for opportunities to promote their own interests; to obtain snug places of emolument for themselves, or secure comfortable and profitable contracts for their friends. The recent appointment to the situation of Inspector of the Public Hospital, given to a member of Assembly, is a notorious illustration of the fact, especially as his moral character eminently disqualified him for such an office; and if the entire body of the members be examined, it will be found to contain the printer of the votes, the printer of the laws and government stationer, the Official Assignee for Middlesex, a government contractor, a Master in Chancery, two road inspectors,* the contractor for the notorious tram-road job, and four Clerks of the Peace; only recently two *honourable members* (!) have obtained appointments,

* One of these has decamped, having lost his appointment (with a salary of £600 per annum), in consequence of his complicity with the tram-road job.

one as Superintendent of Prisons, at £500 per annum, and another as Receiver-General, at £1200 per annum, and, to complete the list, there are two members of the Executive Committee chosen from the members of the House, each with a salary of £800 per annum. Such an array of place-holding and interested men could not but operate injuriously to the public welfare; still they might be borne with, if there were a sufficient amount of independent and upright members to neutralize their influence; but it is not so, it is doubtful whether there is one gentleman of independent property in the entire Assembly; but it is well known that there are some to whom the chief recommendation of a seat is, that being members of the Colonial Parliament is the only thing that prevents their figuring in the jail as debtors, or in the *Gazette* as insolvents. Some have stood and been condemned in courts of justice for felony, and others obtained a most unenviable notoriety for peculation, jobbery, and fraud.* With such a state of things it must be obvious

* I. McPherson, Member of Assembly for St. Andrews, convicted at Kingston Assizes of purloining books of island cheques to a large amount, forging the name of the Receiver-General, sentenced to the penitentiary for life, afterwards allowed to expatriate himself from the island.

I. Bristow, formerly Member for St. George's, obtained appointment as Master in Chancery, and afterwards expelled for embezzlement of large sums of money belonging to suitors in chancery, then took the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act, to rid himself of his obligations, and has now left the island.

E. Lucas, Member for Port Royal, absconded from the island, leaving debts of £40,000, amongst which were considerable sums intrusted to his care by widows and orphans, who have thus been reduced to poverty and deep distress.

D. Brandon, Member for St. Dorothy, detected in extensive frauds on the Customs, and compelled in consequence to resign his seat (or was expelled).

— Leahy, Member for St. Dorothy. For abusing his post as Government Surveyor of Roads (at £600 per annum), by being an active party and partner in the gross tram-way attempt to defraud the public by false estimates, was dismissed from his situation, and left the island, leaving his debts unpaid.

David Smith, Member for ditto, acted in concert with the above, the two calling themselves "The Jamaica Tram-road Company." He is still a member of the House, and is using every effort, even after the exposure of the concern, to obtain about £8000 more of public money on account of it.

Foster Davis, Member for St. Elizabeth, was expelled the House for non-appropriation of monies entrusted to him, as member of the parish, for road purposes.

James Taylor, Member for Port Royal, was dismissed from his appointment as Clerk of Kingston Market for non-payment of proceeds, but held his seat, and obtained from the House £200 per annum as Chairman of Committees, which he held till his death.

that one cause of the decline of Jamaica is to be found in the character of its legislature; there was a time when the representatives of the island were men of property and intelligence, and although, as might have been expected, violent supporters of the slave system, now so happily abolished, were nevertheless comparatively respectable men; it must, however, be admitted, that within the last twenty-five years it has very much degenerated in the social position and intelligence of its members, and consequently that their deliberations are not only undignified, and unlikely to promote the general welfare of the island, but that they frequently present scenes of confusion, strife, and vituperation, which have tended to destroy that respect and confidence such institutions ought to command, and also to prevent respectable and intelligent gentlemen from aspiring to a seat in them, or, if he should be persuaded to do so, soon compel him in disgust to resign his position.* This evil has greatly increased since the bill for responsible government came into operation, 1855. That bill provided that two or three members of the Assembly, and one from the Council, be appointed as an Executive Committee, each with a salary of £800 per annum, a sum of sufficient importance to excite the greed of the honourable members; so that from the period of its coming into operation, very little has been done to improve the institutions of the country, or to promote its substantial interests, the members of the House spending months every session in squabbling and finding fault with the Government and Executive Committee, and caballing to oust them from their office, in the hope that themselves, or their party, may obtain the lucrative and influential appointments.

If from the legislature we turn to the parish Vestries and Corporation of Kingston, the same evils will be found in them, although on a small scale; everywhere party spirit, corruption, and greed mar and destroy the public institutions. Formerly the Vestries and Corporation of Kingston had the entire control of all local taxation, which was squandered in the most reckless manner, the members of those bodies being generally first contractors for public parish works and supplies, and then the auditors of their own accounts. The consequence was the most barefaced speculation and abuse of public trust, in order to promote their own

* Dr. L. Q. Bowerbank, Custos of Kingston, highly intelligent and respectable, and the great reformer of abuses in the Public Hospital and Lunatic Asylum, was urged to become Member of Assembly for Kingston, but was so much insulted and annoyed, that he resigned his seat in disgust after sitting about two or three years.

or their friends' advantage.* In fact, to such an extent did they carry their extravagance and nefarious practices, that almost, if not quite every parish in the island, as well as the corporation of Kingston, became deeply involved in debt, whilst they had no funds to satisfy the demands made upon them; to meet these claims, they adopted the practice of issuing certificates called "parish papers," which, whilst they acknowledged the debts, provided no time or means for their liquidation, so that they were publicly hawked about, and frequently bought up by speculators at a ruinous discount. This evil having attained to such a magnitude as to threaten the very existence of the parochial institutions, measures were found indispensable in order to repress it, and about 1857 the Governor obtained a bill by which all vestries and the Corporation of Kingston were utterly denuded of power to impose or expend a single shilling, the whole of the parochial as well as public affairs being placed under the control of the Governor and executive committee. There can be no doubt that such a centralization of power over all the public institutions of the island is an evil to be deplored,

* The writer, being on the Common Council of Kingston, was placed on a committee to examine the food supplied to the Poor-house, found it unsound, and altogether unfit for human food, which was reported to the Board, and changed. The contractor was an alderman of the Court.

A few years ago it was found that the hose of the fire engine was worn out, and a new hose was ordered to be obtained. A set was supplied, which, on examination, was found rotten and unserviceable, having been purchased as such, and patched up. This job was the joint handiwork of an alderman and public officer of the city. The officer was dismissed, but the alderman still wears his honours.

The embezzlement of market fees, amounting to many hundreds of pounds (mentioned in Note p. 260), was perpetrated whilst the gentleman was an alderman, yet he was not removed from the Board.

The writer was present when an alderman was relieved of three years' taxes, the collector affirming that he possessed no property on which a levy could be made; also when another alderman procured a remission of taxes for his own father, who was in possession of a house, and transacting business in the same for that same alderman, his son.

There were large numbers of houses, renting at from £40 to £60 per annum, that were regularly relieved from payment of taxes, many of them occupied by the relations of the members of Corporation or their kept mistresses. Hence it was regular to assess double the amount required to meet the claims of the city, in order to secure a sufficient sum after such deductions, and the honest citizen had, in consequence, to pay twice the amount of his fair proportion, because so many were allowed to escape without paying anything.

The writer was once complained to by the parish doctor (paid only to visit paupers and destitute persons), that a member of the Corporation had sent him an order to attend the accouchement of his own kept mistress, which the doctor very properly refused to do.

nor would anything but the most urgent necessity justify it ; but it has this one advantage which the former system did not possess, it places the revenues of the island in the hands of those who are responsible for their conduct, and who are not particularly identified with any local or party interests ; nor would it be safe to restore things to their former condition until something has been done to purge the public bodies, and ensure to the people a more faithful exercise of the trusts reposed in them.

After such a statement of facts as the foregoing, it may be necessary to mention some of the causes which appear to have wrought such a decadence in the public and parochial condition of the island, as well as the deterioration in the character and efficiency of those who conduct them.

One of the causes undoubtedly is the general decay of the agricultural and commercial interests of the island, which has caused the most intelligent and influential portion of the European population to abandon the sinking colony, and establish themselves in other and more grateful lands. This has been going on for more than a quarter of a century, so that in the census of 1861, no more than 13,816 whites were returned out of a population of 441,264, and whilst the population generally has increased since that time, and is probably now not less than 500,000, the European portion has decreased rather than otherwise : such an emigration of the more respectable classes has naturally tended to elevate those of a lower grade. Thus the decadence of the commercial interests of Jamaica has, as a necessary consequence, produced a deterioration in the character and efficiency of its Government and public institutions.

But there have been other and even more potent influences at work in producing these disastrous results, and the injudicious course pursued by the British Government in connection with the Bill of Emancipation may be reckoned as amongst the chief. Not only did that bill give liberty to the slaves, but invested them with all the privileges of British subjects, and amongst these, that of voting for the members of legislature and other public bodies ; thus investing them with powers which, considering the degraded condition from which they had just emerged, and their utter ignorance of everything connected with the responsible duties of citizens, they were altogether incompetent to discharge, either with benefit to themselves or advantage to the country. This, however praiseworthy it may have been in motive, has been proved by painful experience to have been an error in judgment and most disastrous in its effects. LIBERTY

is the birthright of every man, and hence the Act of Emancipation was not the heroic display of benevolence and humanity which some have loved to represent it, but simply an act of JUSTICE; but civil privileges are not mere RIGHTS, they are also SOLEMN TRUSTS to be exercised, not for the personal advantage of the individual possessing them, but for the benefit of the public at large. And that these powers be legitimately and beneficially exercised, it is indispensable that those who enjoy them should have integrity to fulfil them faithfully, and intelligence that they should use them with prudence and discretion. This principle is recognised in England, where all persons under twenty-one years of age are classed as infants, and not permitted to exercise political privileges. What were the emancipated slaves? Men in stature and in years indeed! but in understanding, and knowledge of the duties and obligations of citizenship, they were but *little children*. Thus, that which was intended as a blessing has become a curse; it has wrought no good to themselves, whilst it has been pregnant with evil to all, and of destruction to some of the best interests of the island, and in nothing has this been more manifest than in the deterioration of legislature and public institutions. Designing and unprincipled men soon perceived that the election franchise, in the hands of those simple and ignorant people, might be turned to their own advantage, by employing it as the instrument for obtaining seats in the legislature and parish vestries. These seats they sought principally as means for advancing their own selfish purposes, and have employed them only for their own aggrandizement, and pecuniary profit, at the expense of the welfare of the community at large.* The evil, however, did not stop here; the introduction of the negro into all the contentions and chicanery of popular elections soon exerted a very injurious

* About four years since the writer was present at the Court in Spanish Town. The trial was between a black and a white man. After hearing a considerable portion of the evidence, he remarked to the solicitor for the defendant, "Well, you must obtain a verdict." "No," replied the solicitor, "we shall lose it. Do you not see there are five black men on the jury, and only two white; we shall never succeed with such odds." It proved so, and the defendant was obliged to appeal to the Grand Court to reverse the verdict, as contrary to law, which was done, although by considerable additional expense, and after long delay. Cases of this description might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Indeed, so common is the practice, that little account is taken of evidence; the principal question asked by nearly everybody is, Who are the jurors? and on this they generally can foretell the result. So little confidence has, in consequence, been felt in common juries, that in most cases of importance special juries are demanded, which, however, involve very considerable extra expense, and thus many cannot afford to seek the costly benefit.

influence on his own character. He grew vain of the importance he had thus acquired, and proud of the honours so suddenly thrust upon him, and soon learning that his vote might be converted into a source of pecuniary profit, he became corrupted by the acceptance of bribes for his support, and soon learned to regard his vote as a thing to be sold to the highest and best bidder. Indeed, to such an extent did this practice obtain, that votes were bought and sold in the most public and open manner, and in Kingston there were those who regularly made a living by trafficking in public elections.* Thus the bestowment of the election franchise on the emancipated slaves has tended to injure the character and efficiency of the legislature; it enabled men who had sinister objects in view to obtain seats in the House by paying for them, whilst it deterred those who could not condescend to such base practices from aspiring to be representatives of the people. These evils were generally felt and deplored, and at length it was found necessary to enact laws to arrest the growing mischief, as it was rapidly undermining all the public institutions of the country. But in spite of every effort it still continues to exist to a very considerable and injurious extent, and its demoralising influences are still working much mischief in the community.

There is yet another and most serious evil which has resulted from the unlimited and injudicious extension of civil privileges to the emancipated classes, viz., the confusion it has introduced into the courts of law, and its interference with the due administration of justice, by their being eligible to sit on juries in the various courts of the island; indeed, it could not have been otherwise, when we consider the almost universal ignorance that prevails amongst the labouring population, and their utter incompetency to understand the nice points of law, and the

* The sale of votes was openly practised. On one occasion the writer was applied to by a negro to read a note for him, which requested his presence and support for the return of a gentleman as member of Assembly. When the note had been read, the man exclaimed, "No, I won't go! What are they going to give me for my vote? What good my having a house of my own, and paying taxes, if I am to give my vote away for nothing?"

On another occasion, the writer was at the Court House in Kingston, during an election; about an hour before closing the poll, a black man came and enquired of the clerk how it stood, and, being told that Mr. — was about twenty behind his competitor, said, "I have got twenty-four men waiting; what will he give me, and I will put him at the top of the poll?" The clerk having indignantly ordered him away, the writer remarked, "I suppose twenty-four dollars would purchase those twenty-four votes?" "Twenty-four dollars!" repeated the clerk, "twenty-four half-dollars would buy them!"

often complicated accounts, or titles to property on which they, as jurors, are called upon to decide. Such a state of things in the administration of law cannot but operate very injuriously on society, and tend to undermine all confidence in the administration of justice. Many prefer rather to suffer loss and wrong, than to seek redress from the unsatisfactory and precarious issue of a law-suit; or, if they are compelled to invoke its aid, in the majority of cases of any importance, after having been involved in all the trouble and expense of a trial, they are obliged to incur additional charges in order to have the verdicts appealed against, before the judges in supreme court, as being contrary to law and evidence, or for trials in other circuits, in the hope of obtaining that justice from strangers which could not be hoped for in parishes where party interests or prejudices operate, to the entire neglect of the legal merits of the case, or the evidence by which it may be sustained.* There can be no doubt that this unsatisfactory administration of the law has done very much to destroy the credit of the island, and thus still further to impair the cultivation of its staples, and the general interests of trade.

It is evident from the foregoing, that the political institutions and the administration of justice are unsound, and call for searching investigation and decided measures of reform, if Jamaica is to be much longer considered as an integral part of the commercial and civilized world, and is deserving the attention not only of statesmen, but of those philanthropists who would desire to see the emancipated people of that island rise and occupy an honourable position in the great family of man.

It seems evident that the elective franchise, as hitherto exercised, is pregnant with evil, whilst it is powerless for good. To withdraw it, after having been enjoyed so many years, would not be politic, even if it were possible; but it might be surrounded with such restrictions and guards as would render it less mischievous in its operation. One way of doing this would be to make the qualification to rest on *payment of taxes* rather than the possession of *freeholds*. This latter may be, and is, the highest qualification in England, but it is the lowest and most deceptive in Jamaica; indeed, in very many instances it can

* A singular instance of this occurred some few years ago. An honourable member (!) who keeps a salt fish and rum store in Kingston, bought up all the lucifer matches in the island, and then contrived to obtain a customs' duty of five shillings a gross on lucifer matches; this doubled the price of the article to consumers, but realized a pretty little sum to add to his gain in the salt fish and rum line.

scarcely be called a representation of property at all. There are hundreds of cases, in every part of the island, of negroes purchasing one acre of land, building a miserable shelter on it, consisting of a few sticks fixed in the earth, the roof covered with grass, and sides walled and "dabbed" with mud, which have been placed on the records as freeholds worth £6 per annum, when the original price of the land did not exceed £3, and the house, save as a shed for its owner, did not possess the value of one shilling. Such houses being under £12 of annual value are entirely free from taxation, whilst by the fictitious value of £6 per annum put upon them, they entitle the owners to a vote. This evil was perceived some years ago, and a tax imposed in the form of a stamp on each year's registration of right to vote; but this, which was done to protect the right of election from abuse, and induce those who aspired to have a voice in the government of the island to contribute something towards its maintenance, was so loudly clamoured against, as oppressive to the people, that last session it was repealed. Such an act, so utterly unconstitutional in its nature, ought never to have been passed, and never could have passed in England; but it was not the holders of these acre freeholds that were oppressed by it, but those who paid every year scores of pounds in *direct taxation*, and then were not permitted to enjoy the privileges of an elector, which those payments qualified them twenty times over to exercise, without paying every year ten shillings for the privilege, just the same sum as those who paid not one penny of public direct taxation. A uniform system of tax-paying qualification would tend to lessen this evil, whilst it would stimulate such as were ambitious of political and elective privileges to strive after the possession of such property as would entitle them to them. The amount should not be large—not more than ten or twenty shillings per annum—but it must rest on some basis of direct taxation, or it will not work beneficially to the country. Still, it is a question of importance whether, in addition to this, there should not be some other qualification to afford evidence of their fitness for the important trust which the elective franchise involves. If no one were allowed to vote (who were under a certain age) unless they were able to read, this, whilst it would not exclude the aged who have never had an opportunity of learning, would tend to stimulate the young to obtain, at least, the elements of knowledge, and thus not only better qualify them to exercise the franchise intelligently, but also raise them in the scale of civilization, and fit them better to discharge the various duties of social and public life.

With respect to juries, there can be no doubt that some higher qualifications than those at present demanded are indispensable to a just and satisfactory administration of justice in the courts of law. It is, perhaps, impossible to purge them of those class and party prejudices which more or less exist in every court in the island, but they ought to be so constituted that suitors might at least have the satisfaction of knowing that a reasonable amount of intelligence and information existed in the body of men to whom the laws had given the power of pronouncing a decision which involved their property, their liberty, or, it might be, their lives.

We now turn to the social condition of the island ; and, from what has been already stated, our readers will be prepared, on this subject, to view anything but a pleasant and satisfactory picture. The social aspects of a people are, however, so intimately connected with their moral condition, that it is difficult to separate them. It will be our effort here to consider those social aspects only which have a more direct reference to the material welfare and prosperity of the colony.

Jamaica may be called a land of sectional distinctions, and its population may be divided into four distinct classes—the White, the Jewish, the Coloured, and the Black. These form as distinct castes as any existing in India, and almost as exclusive. Social intercourse between all of them may and does exist to some degree, but it is so partial and occasional as scarcely to deserve notice. There can be no doubt that this isolation of each party from the other is one of the mischievous results that have arisen out of slavery, and which nothing but time can effectually eradicate. The Jews, although an eminently exclusive people, appear to be less infected with the prejudice of colour than any other class ; and certainly the whites have a right to stand next to, if not equal to them. The strongest prejudice exists between the black and coloured classes—the latter affecting perfect equality with the whites, but, with strange inconsistency, refusing the same claim on the part of the blacks to equality with them. These distinctions, with so little difference, might provoke a smile were not the consequences arising from them so disastrous. But they affect the public welfare. They prevent that mutual co-operation which is so essential to prosperity ; they engender feelings of suspicion and jealousy, and want of confidence ; so that any measure proposed for the general welfare of the island by one party, is mistrusted, opposed, and frequently frustrated by the other. And thus, whilst the world has been advancing, Jamaica, by these counter-influences, has stood still, or rather gone backward.

There are two features peculiarly distinguishable in Jamaica society, which, although so very opposite in themselves, nevertheless equally tend to the injury of the country. The upper classes generally aspire to a style of living inconsistent with their position, and very often beyond their means, whilst the lower classes appear to be absolutely void of any idea of the proprieties of civilized life, or any desire to rise above their present degraded condition. The effect of the first is injury to the credit of the country, and the latter deprives the people of that stimulus to industry by which the resources of the island would be developed, and its wealth increased; but as long as they are satisfied with the supply of the simple wants of nature—content to eat, and drink, and sleep—there is little or no inducement for them to pursue habits of persevering industry. If a taste for the artificial enjoyments of life could be excited—if they could be led to desire more decent and commodious houses in which to live, and to surround themselves with more home comforts; these, as they could not be obtained without money, would stimulate them to labour, so that there would be no need of immigration; but as long as they are content to live in a hut scarcely fit to shelter a beast, and sleep on a mat on the bare ground-floor, there is little prospect of urging them to such a course of continuous industry as would make any great impression on the productions of the country, or to hope that they will rise to positions of respectability or importance in the community. Efforts have been made by the various missionaries to correct this propensity, but comparatively little benefit has resulted from their exertions. Their counsels are seldom attended to, whilst the fact that they are white people prevents their example having the least effect. The negro regards the white man as belonging to a distinct order of being, and, consequently, *his* habits and mode of life, although suitable to *himself*, as presenting no model which they should seek to imitate. In this respect, it would be of immense advantage if, in the present crisis of America, a large emigration from that country to Jamaica could be obtained, not simply of the recently emancipated slaves, but also of the better classes. The influence of example from *such persons* would be likely to operate powerfully on so imitative a race as the negroes, and would prove not only of immense advantage in increasing the productions, and thus adding to the wealth of the island, but also in influencing the negroes around them to adopt habits of life more civilized and calculated to raise them in the scale of society, and in material wealth and happiness.

Thus, we think, we have satisfactorily shown that the causes

of the depression of Jamaica are not the consequence of emancipation, but of inadequate legislation. We may yet, in another paper, treat of the poverty of Jamaica, its causes and extent; the moral character of the people generally; religious state and prospects.

IV.

LADY DUFF GORDON'S "LETTERS FROM EGYPT."

FROM travellers whose course of wild adventure and whose manifold and uncommon gifts put a pressure upon the reader in following them, similar to that felt by them in exploring, it is very delightful to turn to so small and readable, but fresh and pleasant a volume, as Lady Duff Gordon's. The scenes she visits and describes are supposed to be well known, but assuredly she has the merit of investing them with an interest very new, arising, principally, from her watchfulness over all human ways, and her own interest in every aspect of human life. Readers of the cynical order will say, wherever the lady went she was determined to be pleased and saw everything rose-tinted; but, in the first place, even the ability to do this is the proof of a very gentle and affectionate nature, while, again, it seems she carried about with her that which is usually supposed to embitter all enjoyment, and to shadow all scenes—the want of health, and all her roamings about were in quest of it. Let cynical people say what they will, Lady Duff Gordon possesses a very delightful temperament, we believe the only one on which we can depend for travelling accuracy; she carries with her very few prejudices and seems always determined, while possessed of a heart full of pity for errors, mistakes, for the sadness of social caste, or the darkness of ignorance and superstition, to estimate her foreign friends or visitors, and the people into whose companionship she happens to be thrown for a moment or two, by their own standard, and climate, and race, rather than by hers. We have read Lady Duff Gordon's book with pleasure for its life-like chattiness,

* *Letters from Egypt*, 1863-65. By Lady Duff Gordon. Macmillan and Co.

but with greater pleasure still for its admirable spirit of kindness; over every page and in every company some spirit seems to be saying, Now let us think and speak kindly of them. We should not think even so highly of this if much of it did not result incidentally from the desire with it all to be useful and to do good, and this in personal afflictive circumstances, under the influence of dangerous disease, in the dreariness of solitary exile, far from all those resources which civilized society offers to the suffering body and to the weary and dejected spirit, and far also from the objects of dearest affection. All this reveals a nature and a behaviour which will, we trust, in some sick rooms to which its bright and sunny pictures may travel, be also a pleasant sermon, leaving a morose patient to make for him or herself, if they possess the power, the personal application. She seems to have made her Nile journey very pleasant in spite of illness. She took her own boat along the Nile, the *Zeenet-el-Bahreyn*, and hoisting the English flag, and a small American pennant as a signal to the consular agents, she set sail, stopping, it seems, as she felt disposed, or as her guide felt it to be prudent, at villages and towns. She engaged her own crew, men of Aswán, sleek-skinned, gentle, patient, merry black fellows; her steersman seems to have been a very pious fellow; he prayed five times a day, and was constantly ejaculating, and when he hurt one leg and the instep of his other foot with a rusty nail, and they festered, and his gentle lady took upon herself to dress them, poulticing, and bathing, and strapping, the admiration and gratitude of the crew, and the thankfulness of her patient, exceeded all bounds. Children and women seemed to be always beautiful and pleasant objects to her; indignantly she repudiates the common idea that the Egyptian women are "hags at thirty;" the greatest falsehood," says she, "I have heard about the East; they are mostly very handsome, or at least comely, till fifty." A very charming trait, too, in the volume is her perpetual and yet most easy and natural reference to Bible scenes. Hospitalities innumerable are offered her; she says, "I could not describe it if I tried, but I felt as if I were acting a passage in the old Testament."

A tall Bedawee woman came up to us in the field yesterday, to shake hands and look at us. She wore a white sackcloth shirt and veil, and nothing else. She asked Hekekian a good many questions about me, looked at my face and hands, but took no notice of my rather smart gown which the village women admired so much, shook hands again with the air of a princess, wished me health and happiness, and strode off across the graveyard like a stately ghost. She was on a journey, all alone; and somehow it was very solemn and affecting to see her walking

away towards the desert in the setting sun, like Hagar. All is so scriptural in the country here. S—— called out in the railroad, "There is Boaz sitting in the cornfield;" and so it was; and there he has sat for how many thousand years! And in one war-song Sákneh sang as Miriam, the prophetess, may have done when she took a timbrel in her hand and went out to meet the host.

So also:—

It is impossible to say how exactly like the early parts of the Bible every act of life is here; and how totally new it seems when one reads it on the spot here. Old Jacob's speech to Pharaoh really made me laugh (don't be shocked), because it is so exactly like what a Fellah says to a Pasha, "Few and evil have been my days," etc. (Jacob being a most prosperous man); but it is manners to say all that. I feel quite kindly now towards Jacob, whom I used to think ungrateful and discontented. And when I go to Seede Omar's farm does he not say, "Take now fine meal and bake cakes quickly," and want to kill a kid! Fateereh, with plenty of butter, is what the "three men" who came to Abraham ate; and the way in which Abraham's chief memlook, acting as wekeel, manages Isaac's marriage with Rebecca, is precisely what a man in his position would now. All the vulgarized associations with Puritanism, and abominable little "Scripture tales and pictures,"—peel off here, and the inimitably truthful representation of life and character comes out; as, for example, Joseph's tears, and his love for the brother *born of the same mother*, which are perfectly lifelike.

With all this she says the poverty frequently wrung her heart; the merest and meanest persons frequently manifested princely politeness, the inborn grace of race and manner, salaams, and so on; but alas! frequently the poor huts were without mats or even a rag of carpet. Yet in such places as these, Lady Duff Gordon denies the much-talked-of dirt of the East; she speaks of huts like dog-kennels, but free from dirt, and perfectly sweet; she says the narrow, dingy, damp, age-blackened, dust-crusts, unpaved streets of Cairo, are as sweet as roses compared with those in the "centre of civilization." She says, "an Arab crowd does not stink, even under this sun." She says, "these people are ragged, utterly slovenly, covered "with dirt, but they do wash their bodies, and they do not "diffuse that disgusting human odour which offends one in the "most civilized countries of the continent; the dirt is in fact "dust, not foulness." Her black crew, too, she says, "were all "elegantly shaped Arabs, and all gentlemen in manners; their "black is transparent, with amber *reflets* under it, in the sun—"shine—a negro looks blue beside them." And as she repudiates the idea of dirt, so also she is equally positive that she

saw nothing of that extreme and intolerant fanaticism we have been accustomed to associate with Mahommedans of all tribes. The following gives a very pretty idea of the gracefulness of our correspondent's style:—

To-day was better, and Wassef, a Copt here, lent me his superb donkey to go up to a tomb on the mountain. The tomb is a mere cavern, it is so defaced; but the view of beautiful Asyoot standing in the midst of a loop of the Nile was ravishing; a green deeper and brighter than that of England, crowds of graceful minarets, a picturesque bridge, gardens, palm-trees, then the river encircling the picture, and beyond it, the barren yellow cliffs as a frame all round that. At our feet a woman was being carried to the grave, and the boys' voices rang out the Koran, full and clear, as the long procession, first white turbans and then black veils and robes, wound along.

It is all a dream to me; you can't think what an odd effect it produces to take up an English book and read it, and then to look up and hear the men cry, "Yá Mohammad!" "Bless thee, Bottom, how art thou translated!" It is the reverse of all one's former life, when one sat in England and read of the East; and now I live in the real true Arabian Nights, and don't know whether "I be I, as I suppose I be," or not.

And the following brings at once to a sense of the rich, unaffected hospitality she experienced, and the princely courtesy of even meanest village women.

How you would love the Arab women in the country villages! I wandered off the other day alone while the men were mending the rudder, and fell in with a troop of them carrying jars. Such sweet, attractive beings, all smiles and grace. One beautiful woman pointed to the village, and made signs of eating, and took my hand to lead me. I went with her, admiring my companions as they walked. Omar came running after, and wondered I was not afraid. I laughed, and said they were much too pretty and kind-looking to frighten any one, which amused them exceedingly. They all wanted me to go and eat in their houses, and I had a great mind to it; but the wind was fair and the boat waiting, and I bade my beautiful friends farewell. They asked if we wanted anything,—milk or eggs,—for they would give it with pleasure; it was not their custom to sell things, they said. I offered a bit of money to a little naked child, but his mother would not let him take it. I shall never forget the sweet engaging creatures at that little village, or the dignified politeness of an old weaver whose loom I walked in to look at, and who also wished to "set a piece of bread before me." It is the true poetical pastoral life of the Bible in the villages where the English have not been, and happily they don't land at the little places. Thebes has become an English watering-place. There are now nine boats lying here, and the great object is to "do the Nile" as fast as possible. It is a race up to Wadee Halfeh or Aswán. All

the English stay here "to make Christmas," as Omar calls it; but I shall go on, and do my Christmas devotions with the Copts at Esneh or Edfoo. I found that their seeming disinclination to let one attend their religious services, arose from an idea that we English would not recognize them as Christians.

Women, indeed, she never tires of watching, admiring, and praising, which deserves notice as marvellous, for in what part of the English language have we, before, eulogiums pronounced upon women by a woman? In some items, Lady Gordon will shock our readers; she admits that she was a heretic, and that to dream of converting in those regions is absurd and, she thinks, wrong. We do indeed think her more than a little heretical when she finds the elements of the creed identical with those of Christianity, without the encumbering of asceticism and intolerance, frequently characterizing the profession of the Christian faith. Yet, probably, she may be quite justified in saying, "the faith has continued wonderfully rational, considering the extreme ignorance of those who hold it." Her maid said, very practically, "the prayers are a fine thing for a lazy people—they must wash first, and the prayer is a capital drill." The religion seems to have struck her in many instances as very real, less thoughtfulness than ours, and additional child-like innocence. Sheykh Yoosuf had the look of a mediæval monk, but no Catholic she had ever seen looked so peaceful and unpretending; she saw in him, she says, "that easy familiarity with religion which characterizes all people who do not know what doubt means." She heard Sheykh Yoosuf preach on the great Ramadan day—he preached on a hillock in the burying ground—and her ladyship surely becomes a little impertinent when she thinks that Exeter Hall might benefit by the Mahomedan sermon; but our readers shall judge for themselves. Here it is.—

First Yoosuf pointed to the graves,—“Where are all those people?” and to the ancient temples, “Where are those who built them? Do not strangers from a far country take away their very corpses to wonder at? What did their splendour avail them? etc. etc. What, then, O Muslims, will avail that you may be happy when that comes which will come for all? Truly God is just, and will defraud no man, and he will reward you if you do what is right; and that is, to wrong no man, neither in his person, nor in his family, nor in his possessions. *Cease then to cheat one another, O men!* and to be greedy; and do not think that you can make amends by afterwards giving alms or praying or fasting, or giving gifts to the servants of the mosques. *Benefits come from God; it is enough for you if you do no injury to any man, and, above all, to any woman or little one!*”

But we are persuaded that most of our readers will be disposed to permit the whole of this most pleasant and readable book to entertain them; every page has the interest of the quotations we have given. Determined to see good everywhere and in everything, the amiable invalid journeys along; also performing everywhere sundry little acts of kindness. She says:—

I am very popular here, and the only Hakeem. I have effected some brilliant cures, and get lots of presents—eggs, turkeys, etc. It is quite a pleasure to see the poor people; instead of trying to sponge on one they are anxious to make a return for kindness. These country-people are very good; a nice young Circassian sat up with a dying Englishman, a stranger, all night, because I had doctored his wife.

There are growlers and ungratefals in all races, and—

One poor peevish little man refused the chicken broth, and told me that we Europeans had our heaven in *this* world. Omar let out a “Kelb!” (dog!) But I stopped him, and said, “O my brother, God has made the Christians of England unlike those of Egypt, and surely will condemn neither of us on that account; mayest thou find a better heaven hereafter than I now enjoy here!” Omar threw his arms round me, and said, “O thou good one! surely our Lord will reward thee for acting thus with the *meekness of a Muslimeh*, and kissing the hand of him who strikes thy face.” (See how each religion claims humility as its peculiar characteristic!) Suleyman was not pleased at his fellow-Christian’s display of charity.

Let us quote, before we lay down the volume, two or three characteristic little brevities. This is a pleasant trait of Dean Stanley:—

Please to tell Dean Stanley that his old dragoman, Mohammad Gazowee, cried with pleasure when he told me he had seen “Sheykh Stanley’s” sister on her way to India, and the little ladies “knew his name,” and shook hands with him, which evidently was worth far more than the baksheesh. I wondered who “Sheykh Stanley” could be, and Mohammad (who is a darweesh, and very pious) told me he was the Gasees (priest) who was Imám (spiritual guide) to the son of our Queen; “and, in truth,” said he, “he is really a Sheykh, and one who teaches the excellent things of religion. Why, he was kind even to his horse; and it is of the mercies of God to the English, that such a one is the Imám of your Queen and Prince.”

“I said,” laughing, “how dost thou, a darweesh among Muslims, talk thus of a Nazárene priest?” “Truly, O Lady,” said he, “one who loveth all the creatures of God, him God loveth also; there is no doubt of that.”

Is any one bigot enough to deny that Dr. Stanley has done more for

real religion in the mind of that Muslim darweesh, than if he had baptized a hundred savages out of one fanatical faith into another?

Here we have—

NIGHT AND SONG ON THE NILE.

We had a lovely time on the river for three days, and such moonlight nights! so soft and lovely; and we had a sailor, who was as good as an Alatee, or professional singer. He sang religious songs, which, I observe, excite these people more than love songs. One, which began, "Remove my sins from before thy sight, O God," was really beautiful and touching, and I did not wonder at the tears which streamed down Omar's face. A very pretty profane song ran thus:—"Keep the wind from me, O Lord! I fear it will hurt me" (*wind* means *love*, which is like the simoom). "Alas! it has struck me, and I am sick! Why do ye bring the physician? O physician, put back thy medicine in the canister, for only *he* who has hurt can cure me."

N.B. The masculine pronoun is always used instead of the feminine in poetry, out of decorum; sometimes even in conversation.

A THEORY ABOUT AMERICA.

Our moonlight ride home was beyond belief beautiful. The Arabs who followed us were extremely amused at hearing me interpret between German and English, and at my speaking Arabic. One of them had droll theories about "Amellica"—as they always pronounce it;—*e.g.* that the Americans are the Fellaheen of the English; "they talk so loud." "Was the king very powerful, that the country was called El Melekeh" (the queens)? I said, "No, all are kings there; you would be a king like the rest." My friend disapproved of that utterly; "If all are kings, they must all be taking away every man the other's money;"—a delightful idea of the kingly vocation.

SHEYKH YOOSUF UPON MUMMY STEALING.

Sheykh Yoosuf talked about the excavations; he is shocked at the way in which the mummies are kicked about; he said one boy told him, as an excuse, that they were not Muslims. Yoosuf rebuked him severely, and told him it was "harám" (accursed) to do so to any of the children of Adam.

LADY GORDON'S FAREWELL WITH HER EASTERN FRIEND.

After the burial the Imám, Sheykh Abd-el-Waris, came and kissed me on the shoulders; and the Shereef, a man of eighty, laid his hands on my shoulders and said:—"Fear not, my daughter, neither all the days of thy life, nor at the hour of thy death, for God leadeth thee in the right way (*sirát mustakeem*)."

I kissed the old man's hand, and turned to go, but numbers of men came and said, "A thousand thanks,

O our sister, for what thou hast done for one among us!" and a great deal more. Now the solemn chanting of the Fikees, and the clear voice of the boy reciting the Koran in the room where the man died, are ringing through the house. They will pass the night in prayer, and to-morrow there will be the prayer of deliverance in the mosque. Poor Kheyr has just crept in here for a quiet cry. Poor boy! he is in the inventory, and to-morrow I must deliver him up to "*les autorités*," to be forwarded to Cairo with the rest of the property. He is very ugly with his black face wet and swollen, but he kisses my hand and calls me his mother, "quite natural like." You see colour is no barrier between human beings here.

Our readers cannot doubt that these extracts have introduced them to the knowledge of a very charming and kindly book. If there be some things which may be doubted, or even condemned, as too latitudinarian, the sympathy and truly human kindness shed over the whole book, the bright, clear eye for all the picturesque, either in scenery, persons, or animals, make it a most pleasant and truly entertaining companion.

A fine handsome woman with a lovely baby came to see me the other day. I played with the baby, and gave it a cotton handkerchief for its head. The woman came again yesterday, to bring me a little milk and some salad as a present, and to tell me my fortune with date-stones. I laughed, so she contented herself with telling Omar about his family, which he believed implicitly. She is a clever woman evidently, and a great Sibyl here; no doubt, she has faith in her own predictions. Superstition is wonderfully infectious here, especially that of the evil eye; which, indeed, is shared by many Europeans, and even by some English. The fact is, that the Arabs are so impressionable and so cowardly about inspiring any ill-will, that if a man looks askance at them it is enough to make them ill; and as calamities are by no means unfrequent, there is always some mishap ready to be laid to the charge of somebody's "eye." A part of the boasting about property, etc., is politeness,—so that one may not be supposed to be envious of one's neighbour's nice things. My Sakka (water-carrier) admired my bracelets yesterday as he was watering the verandah floor, and instantly told me of all the gold necklaces and earrings he had bought for his wife and daughters,—that I might not be uneasy and fear his envious eye. He is such a good fellow! For two shillings a month, he brings up eight or ten huge skins of water from the river a day, and never begs or complains, is always merry and civil; I shall enlarge his baksheesh.

A number of camels sleep in the yard under my verandah; they are pretty and smell nice, but they growl and swear at night abominably. I wish I could draw you an Egyptian farmyard,—men, women, and cattle. But what no one can draw is the amber light,—so brilliant and so soft; not like the Cape sunshine at all, but equally beautiful,—hotter and

less dazzling. There is no glare in Egypt as in the south of France, and, I suppose, in Italy.

Any incidental differences of sentiment will, we think, be abundantly compensated to the reader's mind by the permission to travel through these nearly four hundred pages with a companion whose only sin seems to be a belief—

That the dear God who made us first,
Both made and loveth all.

V.

FAWCETT ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

THE return of Professor Fawcett to Parliament, as member for Brighton, will very naturally increase the interest felt in this comprehensive and yet copious abridgment of the doctrines of that which Mr. Carlyle persists in designating as "the Dismal Science." We can have little doubt that a nation managed upon the mere principles of political economy, without the corresponding influences and counter-checks of benevolence and religion, would, indeed, be in a dismal condition; in much the same condition, indeed—if we may use the image—to which our world would be reduced, if its inhabitants had an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the laws regulating the motions of the heavenly bodies, but without a knowledge of the laws of life, an acquaintance with the motions of the stars, and no atmosphere to breathe. The political economist deals simply and alone with the laws which regulate the commercial interests of nations; nor do we, for a moment, doubt that the teachings of the science have had a most bracing and healthful effect upon our social state; political science, political economy is not supposed to trouble itself with, excepting as it immediately affects its own doctrines and conclusions; yet, of course, the political economist must usually be found in the ranks of the liberal and advanced thinkers. We have no doubt that a

* *Manual of Political Economy.* By Henry Fawcett, M.A., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co.

knowledge of the principles of this science ought to form a part of all thorough education, and yet it is only the statement of that which will usually be found to be instinctive in us. Most tradesmen would judge alike, judge rightly and naturally, upon matters of trade and commerce, if their own native ideas and perceptions were not interfered with by obsolete, ignorant, and selfish traditions, tending to benefit the few at the expense of the many. We are glad, therefore, to see Professor Fawcett's volume in a new edition. His views, we need scarcely say, harmonize with his whom he has acknowledged as his master and teacher, John Stuart Mill. The reader who has not time for Mr. Mill's bulky, but all-comprehending expositions of the science, will find Professor Fawcett's a very lucid digest. We are glad, also, to see that he drafts, as far as possible, into the science motives and principles of humanity, and provides in the denial of the right of governmental interference with matters of commerce—and few can doubt that in all such matters the world has always been governed too much—the counter-check of association and co-operation. We rejoice in the return of Professor Fawcett and Mr. Mill, not because we desire that the House of Commons should be often entertained with lectures on political economy, nor because we desire to see ideas which they may perhaps originate rudely pushing aside at once existing relations, but because we believe, when they do speak, their voices may have a corrective and regulative influence over usages long leaning too much to the side of governmental interference and tinkering; and it is remarkable enough that, however greatly the interests of this country have been served by the great acts which have proclaimed the freedom of commerce, there is a party, inalienably, hereditarily, and by sacred right and prescription, stupid, slow to perceive that, in the long run, injustice to others rebounds upon themselves, and that it is not possible to deal unfairly with any section of the community, either for the protection of one or for the injury of another, without disturbing the healthful balance of all. In spite of this, however, the landed or the farming interest will continue to crow over and think itself a much finer thing, more really wealthy, and more conducive to the well-being of the country, than the manufacturing. Intelligence only, cultivated intelligence—just that kind of light which political economy gives—will make the absurdity of these ideas to be felt and seen, and give to all interests in the country the knowledge of what constitutes national well-being. We still think that a careful reading of Archbishop Whately's *Lectures on Political Economy* would well prepare the way for the more

elaborate details of Professor Fawcett. Men need to be carried out into a new tract of observation. As Archbishop Whately has well shown, a large amount of information accumulated round a narrow mind, or narrow principle, is like attempting to enlarge the vision of a short-sighted man, by bringing him to the top of a hill. Political economy is the knowledge of those principles which constitute and make the structure of society—how to build the social fabric; still to follow Archbishop Whately, he quotes the instance from the tale of *Sandford and Merton*, who amused themselves by rearing a hovel with their own hands. They lay poles horizontally on the top and cover them with straw, so as to make a flat roof; of course the rain comes through. Master Merton advises to lay on more straw; but Sandford, the more intelligent of the two, sees that, however much straw they may lay on, sooner or later the rain will come through. The only remedy is to make a new arrangement, and form the roof sloping; it is thus with enlightened incorrect reasoners; additional knowledge is only like laying on more straw. The incorrect principle vitiates the value of it all; they need to be taught the right way of raising the roof. Knowledge is needed, of course, and so is straw to thatch the roof, but no quantity of materials will supply the want of knowing how to build. There seems reason to regard the whole great protectionist party, until the rise of the true science of political economy, as guilty of a similar fallacy to the old woman when she sold her candles. "We loses," she said, "a farden a pound on 'em; 'on every pound we sells." "Bless me! I wonder that you 'should be able to keep on selling at a loss!" "Ah! but it's 'the quantity as pays!" And in fact the science of political economy has pretty much for its object the informing a multitude of persons who, on a large scale, make the blunder of the old woman over the candles. There are yet more difficult problems; there is one—and we refer to Mr. Fawcett's book mainly because he deals with it in a general spirit—we will be bold to say, that the commerce of our country does not need to learn much more of the science of accumulation; we seem to have mastered that pretty well; distribution is the problem now—how to scatter that which is accumulated. We hope that something also been achieved here; but the tendencies of things at present are scarcely pleasing to us; all wealth seems to be rolling into heaps. We want to see it spreading out into plains. We are truly glad to find that Professor Fawcett has the courage, with Mr. Mill, to proclaim his faith in peasant proprietorships; the principle will apply in innumerable directions; and we hold it to be of the highest national importance that wealth should be

facilitated in spreading. We have no more objection to a large farm or a large factory, than we have to the vast inheritances of a dukedom; all may work beneficially; but these large farms and large factories should not be the rule of trade, but the exception. We are quite aware of the charge which would be preferred against us of talking ignorantly, that large farms and factories pay best, and are wrought most successfully. All this constitutes a part of the problem, and we hail thankfully any clear mind, like that of this writer, which sets itself diligently to the solution of the problem: so also the principle of co-operative institutions, we are glad to find, receives Professor Fawcett's hearty sympathy; against this principle there is an amazing strength of selfish prejudice, and our writer's friendship to it was loudly urged against him on the occasion of his recent contest for Brighton, and the Professor admirably replied to his antagonist, Mr. Moor, the Tory candidate, who had urged this unpopular point—but Mr. Moor was himself, it seemed, chairman and director of several joint stock banks and companies?—"Where, said Professor Fawcett, "is the difference? I belong to no joint stock company, but Mr. Moor, for selfish purposes, very rightly and properly to increase his own capital, co-operates with his brother capitalists, and I, who am not a working man, unselfishly advise the working classes, for their own interest, to combine in co-operative associations." This, again, is one of the tough tasks political economy must set before itself. We believe that the argument urged against the co-operative principle from its liability to abuse and danger, does not obtain one whit more, and could scarcely, indeed, operate so disastrously as in those vast combinations, banks and joint stock companies, whose fall or failure sometimes produces the panic and desolation of an earthquake in a country or a nation. We have not attempted to give an outline or even to quote from Mr. Fawcett's volume; there are some departments of difficulty which receive no more consideration from him than they have received from his predecessors; the science of society, as yet, is in its merest infancy, and we cannot doubt that when all its phenomena are understood, it will furnish as striking marks of Divine wisdom and arrangement as astronomy or physiology, and its very disturbing causes will be illustrations of that same wisdom. As a science alone, and unaided, we cannot expect that it would achieve much; it is like the principles of arithmetic—they may make fortunes but not without brains to apply them; like a knowledge of geology, it may point to a coal seam, but will not lay it bare without spades, pickaxes, and labour; and more than political economy is needed to make

a nation wealthy. The science of political economy is cold, hard, dry, and abstract, and we do not think always gives honour where honour is due; perhaps, also, we should feel, however they may be separated, that a wise marriage of political science and political economy is indispensably necessary; indeed, folly in political science may quite counteract and overcome all the wisdom of the lessons of political economy. It has considerably widened itself since its first publications; we trust it will still widen itself, and that Professor Fawcett, from the exalted spheres he now occupies, will be enabled to give wider lessons; and, after all, it must not be forgotten that while land, labour, and capital are spoken of as the means for the production of wealth, there is a fourth element of which political economists would speak as unproductive, genius—genius which possesses the power either to create or to disturb. We do not remember that we ever saw it remarked by a political economist that genius is a great producing power. Why! the works of Shakespeare, of Sir Walter Scott, of Charles Dickens, and others, have been worth the discovery of many coal or iron mines to this country; they have been the fountains and sources of incalculable wealth: nor does it enter into the calculations of a political economist how such disturbing forces as the democracy of a single man like Garibaldi, or a single conservative like Louis Napoleon, may upset all calculations and be the salvation of states, although they cannot very appropriately be called either land, labour, or capital. We are by no means indifferent to the value of the lessons taught by the science, but we still are pleased to perceive that man cannot be comprehended within its narrow restrictions. We appreciate its lessons as we appreciate our first copies in our books at school; they are usually very true, but not the greatest of all truths, and they are chiefly valuable as giving us the hint, and training us in the ability, to know more and to do better.

VI.

THE ELECTIONS — RETROSPECTIVE AND IN PROSPECTIVE.*

THE voice of England has again made itself heard with tolerable distinctness during the last month, as we have passed another arch of the bridge of our history; and there can be little doubt that for those whose sympathies correspond at all with ours, the result furnishes occasion for great congratulation. While we write, we are emerging from the latest straggling traces of the strife. The results of the election do not authenticate Mr. Disraeli's oft-repeated prophecies and vaticinations, as to a great conservative reaction, or encourage those somewhat cowardly and too-fondly credulous hopes many of our own friends, who like "to hold with the hare and run with the hounds," have indulged for a brief period of conservative rule—say rather, as it most probably would be, *mis-rule*. The history of the results of the election is very gratifying to the well-wishers of free opinion, and political action, and state integrity. A number of aspects strike upon our memory, which would be very interesting to note and comment upon, touching the various members new and old. To the liberal cause, we estimate as immeasurably of the most importance—the finest and most significant triumph—the dismissal of Mr. Gladstone from Oxford, joined to his enthusiastic reception in South Lancashire. It is not possible that in a nature so nobly and thoroughly wrought as Mr. Gladstone's, that this should produce any great instantaneous change in political conduct or creed; if we could think this possible it would, of course, modify our high estimate of the illustrious statesman, the future hope of English government and statesmanship; but so long as Oxford had him, so long conservatism, with its vested, hereditary interests, had a check upon him. The ties which bound him—with his intense political aspirations, his earnest views and plans for progress—to the seat of his affections, occupied for nearly twenty years, are now snapped asunder. From the venerable conservative University city, the author of *The State in its Relations to the Church*, the eloquent and scholarly expositor of Homer, the accomplished orator, the foremost and most sovereign man of

* *The Six-Year-Old Parliament and its Approaching Dissolution. A Handbook for Candidates and Electors.* Longmans.

English statesmen, making room for Mr. Gathorne Hardy—author of nothing, orator of quite another description, orator rather of the stump than of the forum—takes his seat for South Lancashire; a seat, no doubt, embarrassed frequently by many conservative interests, so that even his election did not seem to us, at first, necessarily sure; but a seat representing the grand strife of the metropolis of industry—the kingdom of manufactures and commerce—a seat worthy of that vast range of mighty financial ability, in which Mr. Gladstone as much excels as in the great, but more easy art of eloquence and debate. That England gains, to our thought, greatly by the result, does not make the transaction less shameful to our minds, by which, in consequence of Mr. Dodson's measure, thousands of rectors, vicars, and incumbents, scattered over all parts of the empire—who already, we may be sure, in almost every instance, possessed the power of expressing their vote in person—should possess a power, not accorded to ordinary English citizenship, of voting by paper. If this measure be not applied to ordinary election votings—votings in which the voter has but one means of making his voice heard in the suffrage—it will simply exist as a shameful inequality and insult to constituencies, most of them as worthy, some of them as venerable, and nearly all with interests of more importance than those of the University of Oxford. The gratifying circumstance is that by it Mr. Gladstone secures a seat more worthy of his political position; and yet, Nonconformists as we are, we cannot afford to rejoice without a check upon our feelings; without belonging to the University, we can yet feel interest enough in the welfare of our most ancient seat of learning, in the queenly mother of graceful cities, in her position as, throughout all past English ages, chief fountain of opinions, widely varying for good or ill, but mighty in moulding the English mind. We love and reverence Oxford enough to desire that she should be well represented—represented by one foremost among her own sons, attached to her by student sympathies, and reverent to her by strong historical and patriotic regards, and sure to guard with jealous eye all that might tend to injure her real interests, while yet desirous of assimilating her institutions to the advancing mind of the great English nation. All this was Mr. Gladstone, and Oxford sends him away from her, and pours the fulness of her affection upon a Gathorne Hardy. Let conservatism twit democracy as it will, democracy could not have done worse than that—probably never did make a greater mistake, and could not now-a-days, in the same circumstances, make so great a mistake. But it must be satisfactory to both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gathorne Hardy,

that for the Chancellor voted the learning, the scholarship, the piety and the power of the University, represented by such men as Pusey, Stanley, Jowett, &c., &c., &c., and all the varied shades of opinion between: in fact, Oxford again voted for Mr. Gladstone; but for his successor, there came up the tremendous and irresistible posse of Swede turnips, and claret, and port bottles; and Swede turnips, and claret, and port bottles will out-number thoughtful men in any struggle. But Mr. Gladstone is a representative man, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy is a representative man, and the like voted for the like. The University has certainly lost, and presently the University will know it; but England has gained, and England is greater even than the University. Our readers have marked some of the hopeful words of Mr. Gladstone's magnificent speech in Liverpool.

If the Church of England is to live among us, she must flourish, and she must grow, and God grant that she may do all by making herself beneficently known in the discharge of her Apostolic offices, by the faithful custody of the word which she has received, by making her ministration the friend and consoler of every man of every rank of life, by causing herself to be felt by each one of you in those actions wherein her assistance can be available—these are the functions in which I have cordially desired to promote her usefulness, these are the functions in which I believe she is growing stronger from day to day; and on my part, as the representative of Oxford, on the part of those who have been honoured with the confidence of Parliament, we say we have in no respect betrayed our duty with regard to the Church of England. But, Sir, there is another view conscientiously entertained. I have no doubt there is another view as to the proper mode of promoting the interests of the Church of England, from which we essentially differ. If it is thought that the Church of England's interests are to be promoted by maintaining some odious stigma, I care not whether it be upon Protestant Nonconformists, or upon our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, I disclaim and repudiate such party modes of defending the Church. And I say that the misguided persons who, in their folly, would use such weapons for the purpose which they have in view are merely contributing to defeat their own dearest wishes, and are not to be reckoned, as far as their acts are concerned, among her friends, but among her foes. Therefore, Sir, I hold, that the promotion of the civil and religious freedom of our fellow-countrymen, so far from being a sign of disloyalty, is a very sure proof of that affectionate and intelligent service which a body like the Church of England ought to desire at the hands of her children. Well, gentlemen, I will not go into details. I will not trouble you by arguing questions which have lately been under the consideration of the Legislature—questions about the qualification of Dissenters; questions about oaths of Roman Catholics. These are measures, with respect to which, in my opinion, a generous and

conciliatory policy is the only policy of wisdom, and, whether I sit for Oxford, or whether I sit for South Lancashire, or whether I don't sit at all, I desire and I intend to act upon that policy so long as my life shall last.

Great hopes for civil and religious freedom spring out of such words as these; and how remarkable to think that their speaker should be the man who wrote that book which called for Lord Macaulay's strong, sarcastic condemnation of its eloquently expressed, but narrow and high churchism!

Perhaps next in significance to the return of Mr. Gladstone for South Lancashire is the return of Mr. Mill for Westminster; with his name we couple also that of Professor Fawcett; two accessions of theoretical statesmanship to the liberal benches of the house. Both of these gentlemen have, by their writings, shown that if they are capable of entertaining a theory, they are also capable of closely examining it in its most practical relations. We have no great love for theoretical statesmanship; the idea is not more pleasant to us than would be that of a medical man who, if we invited him to our bedside, should tell us that he proposed to use that opportunity afforded him of making experiments upon us; in fact, political experiments are as distasteful to us as experiments on living bodies, and they are equally dangerous. But we believe that both Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett have sufficiently taught us that they will be in no haste to invite experiment; and it is indeed an amazing thing if we have come to that pass, as a people, that the best, most educated, and clearest thought is less fitted to exercise the powers of legislation than stupid, selfish stolidity; and we suppose the most sanguine supporter of the House of Commons would not claim a character much above this for the majority of its members. The return of Mr. Mill was an illustrious triumph, principally from the number of men of remarkable eminence, literary, political, and ecclesiastical, who rallied round him; bishops and archbishops, novelists, political economists, authors, and orators. Perhaps there only lives in our state one other man, an incomparably higher man, whose nomination could have claimed and called for such an illustrious literary gathering to give mark and eminence to the distinction sought, so nicely and delicately described by Mr. Mill himself, in words which we should like to be accepted henceforth by all candidates—"Not for the favour, but for the honour." The most remarkable circumstance, perhaps, after all, about Mr. John Stuart Mill's return is, that that little Bethel in the person of the *Record* set itself industriously to oppose his return, and talked upon the matter like a most

learned and sleepy owl—a *most* sleepy owl, for the thing really did not know the nature of the words it was using,—just simply and completely blundered Mr. Mill's meaning through sheer, fatal, irresistible, and inalienable stupidity. Mr. Mill had said that he only could worship and would worship an object, a being, who should excite his reverence; he had said, in his recent Essay on Sir William Hamilton, something to the effect that if Satan could be invested with the powers of God, he would not worship him. The Bishop of St. David's, in replying to the *Record*, put the most charitable construction upon its criticisms when he expressed his belief that "*the 'Record' was simply incapable of understanding Mr. Mill.*" We claim for ourselves an equality of charity. We never, in the wildest freaks of our most undisciplined imagination, supposed the *Record* capable either of the act or of the effect of thought. We do not suppose, however far we might think with Mr. Mill in his abstract conceptions of God as a being, that we should sympathize much with him in his theological ideas. As a politician, a master of political science, an exponent of the science of political economy—not to say a chief and most able scholar of the laws of thought—he has pre-eminent claims upon us, and pre-eminent claims upon his age; few men have done more towards putting that logic in motion which tears into pieces, and tatters, and shreds, the subterfuges, masks, and play-actor apparel of false and hollow thought. We were, therefore, not much surprised that the *Record* should place Mr. Mill as one of the heads and leaders of what it called the "Satanic School"—assigning this as the reason for withholding so eminent a man from a place in parliament; but principally grounding its hostility upon the fact, that Mr. Mill had said that he would only worship when he recognized in the object of his worship the attributes which excite reverence—meaning that the moral attributes of God must bear the same relation to human virtue which the omnipotence of God bears to human power. This the *Record* visited with a farrago of mis-statements, blunders, and texts, showing that Mr. Mill was one to whom God would say, "Thinkest thou that I am altogether such a one as thyself?" &c., &c. We slightly refer to this incident for the purpose of remarking only that abandonment to a lost, utter, and arrant stupidity which characterizes this paper. Mr. Mill might have said, Gift a murderer with the powers of a Napoleon, and you shall not make me bend the knee to him; and perhaps the *Record* might have applauded the sentiment; the same sentiment transplanted to the regions of theology becomes *Satanic*. There is a little

paragraph in Mr. Mill's small volume on *Liberty*, which just perfectly illustrates the position and character of the *Record*:—
“Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world
“as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains,
“as it were, outside the mind, encrusting and petrifying it
“against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of
“our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh
“and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for
“the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them, to keep
“them vacant.” We trust it is not necessary, while making these remarks, to disclaim any sympathy in fact with Mr. Mill's religious negations; clearly, however, we are of opinion that his no-creed seems to make a more righteous man of him than the *Record's* some-creed. Manifestly, our creed has not done much for us when, in addition to the strong cayenne of malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness, it gives to us that power possessed by some mirrors of simply distorting the visages presented to it. Mr. Mill has not expressed himself upon Christian truth as we could have wished; we are really afraid that he knows Christianity better by its disciples than by its documents; and when its disciples play such tricks as the *Record* has played, utterly and grossly malversating, tergiversating, and distorting, it is not likely to convert a gentile or a pagan; and Mr. Mill is this; but he is a sound and great political economist. We believe him to be a very honest man; he has shrewd perceptions of what constitutes the political well-being of a nation; great sympathy with the condition of the working classes, and a desire to ameliorate the mischiefs and miseries which oppress them; and, hence, we had no hesitation in our wishes for his success, as we have none in our joy at his triumph. We have said too much upon the *Record's* behaviour in this matter already, otherwise we might yet quote some of its theological utterances upon the subject. One thing may be said, Mr. Mill is an unbeliever; he is not a blasphemer. To turn from men, and from the review of these accessions to the legislative functions of the country: looking back upon the past, while the capacity of our countrymen for grumbling has been as undisputed as its right—quietly looking back upon the six-year parliament, we are constrained to feel some sentiments of gratitude to it; it is a monstrous thing to be grateful to that unwieldy abstraction, a House of Commons. Manifestly, the House cannot thank itself; and amidst the conflicts of parties, it is impossible that any national thanks should be given to it; and, no doubt, it is rather the controlling mind of the Government which deserves

the national acknowledgment; but when the gains are glanced back upon, it is not, perhaps, too much to speak of the successive achievements of this six-year Parliament as giving substantial additions to the well-being of the country. It is a remarkable piece of political history, that the Parliament called by the Derby-Disraeli Government to confirm its position and adopt its measures, by its first act broke the wand and dissolved the charms of the magician which had summoned it; that short-lived Government, as its principal boon to the country, left a legacy of financial involvement from which Mr. Gladstone has, with a marvellous fecundity of inventiveness, conjoined to a power of practical manipulation and skill—the like of which has certainly never been exhibited since the Chancellorship of the younger Pitt—freed not only the Government but the country, and placed himself in the very foremost ranks of English Chancellors of the Exchequer. Mr. Disraeli simply met his own difficulties by postponing them to be met by the succeeding Government, and has, with his usual audacious gracelessness, charged upon his successors an expensiveness resulting, in fact, from his own monetary profligacy—a very common expedient. The administration, which has received so few good words, has, by the hands of the great English commoner just deceased, given to the country, amidst every obstruction cast in its way from the *Times* newspaper and Tory triflers, that great treaty with France, itself a boundless and invaluable boon: one fact alone proves it—the number of letters passing between the United Kingdom and France in 1863 was thirty-three per cent. greater than in 1859. We think there can be little doubt that, dispassionately looked at, the relation the administration has borne to foreign powers is very worthy and satisfactory. A wise and prudent forbearance has characterized the Palmerston Government. The present Emperor of the French is said at one time to have observed, that the moral influence of a nation always stood in direct proportion to the number of bullets she could send among her enemies. We are not concerned to remark here upon the fine faith in human nature this aphorism displays, but to the honour of our Government, we believe, even more than to the public opinion which is supposed to control governments, it must be said that the power of the bullet has not been very much relied upon; perhaps the nations knew that a considerable bullet power existed behind the moral influence. At the moment when America boasted that her naval and military power was greater than it had ever been, in the affair of the "Trent," England asserted the rights of neutrals and the free-

dom of the seas; at the same time she has shown deference to weaker powers, she has surrendered the Ionian Islands to Greece, and submitted her claims in Brazil to arbitration. The Palmerston Government has had a most difficult and trying course to steer, and it has escaped the calamity of involving us in great misunderstanding with America, and in European war in the great Schleswig-Holstein contest. So long as the cause of the Danes had a chance of success, the Conservatives were silent, but when their cause became hopeless, then they would have plunged the nation into war. We have much to learn yet in reference to peace as the great foundation of national prosperity, and the trial in America, the most bloody, horrible, and disgraceful war in the whole records of history, shows us how even in the very moment which seems to crown civilization with triumph, that last astounding calamity of nations may break forth. But we believe that the conduct of this Government has shown us how possible it is in the most difficult circumstances to preserve peace and honour. The colonies never say much in honour of any Government; pity it is that the English nation does not know how to rule its foreign dependencies nearly so well as ancient Rome. Two thousand years hence, which of our foreign colonies would bear the same marks of material benevolence and all-commanding law as exhibit themselves in Normandy and England, as the hand-writing of ancient Rome? Pity, indeed, it is, with our population so overcrowded and pressed upon, that many of our colonies are turned to such poor account. India, however, has received immeasurable benefits from this administration, and the appointment of Sir John Lawrence, as Governor-General of India, reflects the highest honour on Lord Palmerston. Sir John Lawrence was, indeed, the only man living worthy or able to fill the post; but we may be sure that a Derby ministry would have given that great vice-royalty to some aristocratic dangler, bedizened with ribbons, orders, and stars. The effects of the appointment already work wonders in that great mis-governed empire; with a constitutional government, and by constitutional means, Sir John Lawrence seems to be working such marvels and miracles in India as the Emperor Napoleon is working throughout his dominions. The Palmerston Government has not been quite unmindful of domestic policy. The Post-office Savings' Bank Act has worked well for various orders of the working class; this, and the Government Annuities Act—offering securities to the purchasers of deferred annuities, or life policies of certain limited amounts, which will tend greatly to encourage habits of frugality and providence—emanated from

the fertile brain of Mr. Gladstone, and deputations of workingmen to him have repeatedly testified their appreciation of their value, and their gratitude to the author. From the able little pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article, we may, however, borrow this concise statement of the work of this great six years' Session:—

Let us, however, in mercantile phrase, "take stock" of the work accomplished under the present Government. Briefly, the chief results appear to be:—1. Reduced taxation. 2. Reduced debt. 3. Expenditure checked. 4. Revenue buoyant. 5. Tariff simplified. 6. Trade largely augmented. 7. Peace maintained with Europe and America. 8. India regenerated. 9. Relations established with China and Japan. 10. A new navy created. 11. Efficiency of army increased. 12. Volunteer force established and organised. 13. Arsenals and dockyards fortified. 14. Cotton crisis weathered. 15. Poor-Laws amended in the interest both of ratepayers and recipients of relief. 16. Bankruptcy laws ameliorated. 17. Dealings with land facilitated. 18. Improvement of means of communication promoted. 19. Safe and ready investments provided for the savings of industry. 20. Education cheapened and improved.

To the conservative interest now has been well, and most deservedly, given the name of *The Rump*; the very party seems to exist at the will of two men—Lord Derby and Disraeli. There does not exist, besides, a really great statesman in their ranks. Sir Bulwer Lytton, although his brief period of Cabinet experience developed sympathy with the great ends of his office and power, and although he deserves the epithet of statesman, is too completely welded with literary interests, and would, no doubt, himself be much rather regarded as the foremost literary man, than a foremost statesman, of his time. There is no name which could prove a spell; the party has no self-respect—in fact, has no principles; its members exist as the ragged tatters of an old traditionary banner, from which all signs and marks have been washed and worn out. Disraeli himself shines forth in the luminous light of a truckler of the first magnitude; he has said and unsaid; done and undone; got up clap-trap cries, and exhibited himself in every variety and kind of posture, till he seems to us, as we believe he seems to the nation, and must seem to his own party, a mere political dodger and adventurer. Men who have no principles all their lives have their principles to seek; whether he has ever sought any, we doubt; that he has found none is certain, unless we admit that what there is of him deserving to be called principle is still Jew. He has always seemed to us to possess something of the cunning, some few rays of the genius, separated from all the sublimity and grandeur,

of his race; at present, Conservative is synonymous with political bigot and political infidel. The writer we have already quoted says:—

Since the Conservatives have been driven from power, the old instincts to preserve the *status quo*, and to bar progress, have resumed their sway, and the escapades of the leaders when in office have been as far as possible buried in oblivion. But even in opposition, the want of principle, the absence of definite views, the lack of a policy, has led them into glaring contradictions that throw doubts on their steadfastness, if once more exposed to the temptations of power. Thus in the present Parliament they have been found ever ready to grasp at anything that promised a momentary popularity. Having first with their own hands strangled the paper-duty, they repudiated the deed, and vainly sought to galvanise the corpse into life. Having, in 1861, denied the existence of a surplus, they within a fortnight urged the reduction of the tea-duty by an amount equal to the surplus, the very possibility of which they had refused to admit. At the commencement of a Session they urged as a sacred obligation a protest in favour of Poland; before its close they condemned the very remonstrance they had insisted upon. So long as the Danes had a chance of success they remained silent; when the Danish cause had become hopeless they complained that England had not plunged into war; they have cried out for greater armaments by land and by sea, for more fortifications at home and abroad, while almost with the same breath inveighing against our "bloated armaments," and our military expenditure. They have been "the friends" of the most varied interests, in contradistinction to the advantage of the community at large; thus they have been, with what benefit to their *protégés* we will not say, in turns the champions of the silk-manufacturers, of the riband-weavers, of those last of Protectionists, the paper-makers, of the builders, of Confederate cruisers. No matter what class, or what cause, stood in need of a champion, the leaders of the Rump have been found in the market like mercenaries without a faith, a country, or a principle, ready to fight for pay or plunder, or from mere wanton caprice.

And what remains? Presently we set forth again: How long will the strong octogenarian who now holds the helm be spared or be equal to that great task? What national boons will be conferred upon us by this new Parliament? One thing the recent elections seem to have clearly resolved, the groundlessness, the utter baselessness of that cry of "Conservative reaction," to which so many lent an ear; not that we think that there does not exist, in many minds, a desire for "Conservative reaction." Men without fixed principles, men who find much patronage from Church people, or the upper classes, who know not why they are Church people, nor why they belong to the upper classes,—men sceptical in general, and sceptical in politics, have said to us, "Would not a Derby administration

do as good?" But, plainly, the elections have, on the whole, shown that these people do not seem to make so strong a party in the nation as we might have feared. Toryism has done many pleasant things; the Carlton Club, with its ancient faith in bludgeons and bribes, has no doubt done its best to secure the return of those who had like precious faith; and truly enough the course of some elections fills us with indescribable shame and disgust—none more than the riotous behaviour of the mob at Nottingham, led on, apparently, by the supporters of Sir Robert Clifton, against our well-known friend, Mr. Samuel Morley, who only appeared as a candidate in reply to a requisition signed by one thousand six hundred electors. We congratulate Nottingham, however, on the result of the contest, and we congratulate Non-conformity on its representation in the House by one of its foremost, most large-hearted, liberal, and advanced leaders. In connection with this election, our only fear is that a thousand places and fields in which Mr. Morley's almost ubiquitous presence and generosity shone so conspicuously, will have to yield their claims to the more monotonous services of the House. Ungracious work it seems to us, useful and imperatively necessary as it is in a free country. How amusing, to take an instance, was that confession of Mr. Akroyd, to the electors of Halifax, after the long services of Sir Charles Wood, that he had "no delicacy in attempting to oust Sir Charles, because he ought to be made a peer; besides," said Mr. Akroyd, "Sir Charles can get in anywhere, and I can only get in where I have property." Some of the electors of Halifax must have felt proud of their borough when they saw this unblushing piece of impudence. We believe the instance, however, is very illustrative; we believe it is the rarest circumstance in the world to hear of a constituency grateful even to the most worthy and indefatigable member. What now lies before the country in the course of this new session, we can but little foresee. Some measures will demand instant attention; reform, not "*lateral*," to quote Mr. Disraeli's famous expression, but *vertical*; not travelling further over the same ground, but descending deeper to perfect yet further the representation; to embody true liberal principles, as defined admirably and epigrammatically by Mr. Gladstone: "the principle of *trust* in the people only relieved by prudence, in opposition to the principle of the Conservatives of *mistrust* in the people only relieved by fear." With this, the time has come for a considerable emendation of our Poor-law policy, and while the wealth of the country so prodigiously increases, we trust that avenues may be opened and means suggested, by which it shall flow forth to benefit, not merely

capitalists, who seem to be the chief persons benefited by wealth at present, but the producer also. *Punch*, in a very graphic engraving, has recently represented our Chancellor of the Exchequer, released from the bondage of Oxford test and corporation bigotry, soaring aloft on the wings of free commerce and free thought; and we cannot doubt that measures which have been so remarkably inaugurated by Lord Westbury, emancipating the Church from the supervision of intolerance, while yet, we cannot but doubt, handing her over to the enmeshments of latitudinarianism, will find their results, and their corrective in freedom larger still—the only cure, we believe, for what some regard as the dangers of liberalism. If the health of freedom be ever endangered, we have long believed in one restorative receipt—give her more air, give her more room to exercise her limbs and her wings.

VII.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

INCOMPARABLY the most careful and comprehensive, and yet condensed work of its kind is, *The Handbook of English Literature*. By Joseph Angus, M.A., D.D., Examiner in English Language, Literature, and History, to the University of London.—(Religious Tract Society.)—This volume is an appropriate supplement to the indefatigable author's work on the English language; and it is intended to be succeeded by a companion volume of specimens from the master-pieces of our literature, illustrating the principles of criticism upon which it is constructed. In a volume so bulky, travelling over so large a field, and including such a range of criticism, it would be marvellous indeed if we found ourselves always in perfect agreement with the author; but the good sense presiding over the book is extraordinary; it will be very seldom that the reader will say of any criticism upon his favourite writer, that is unfair, or unrighteous. There is a width of knowledge and a fine catholic taste which even sometimes render a kind judgment surprising to us. Thus, his remarks upon the stage do not go a whit beyond our own estimate, though we are some-

what surprised to find Dr. Angus saying—and especially surprised, shall we say pleased? to find the Tract Society publishing—that “objections to the drama, to be intelligent and “effective, must be founded, not on the thing itself, but upon its “concomitants and its abuse.” Sometimes, we venture to think, his criticism halts. We should never think of saying that “*Watts's Lyrics* display natural feeling and good taste.” We yield to few in admiration of Dr. Watts; but his inflamed ardour, and seraphic glow of imagination and expression, seem exactly to interfere with what would be appropriately called good taste and natural feeling. And then, on the contrary, our beloved old friend Samuel Rogers is described as “the writer of half conversational sketches,” and “*Italy*, as a descriptive poem.” Neither of these designations at all represents those remarkable pieces of exquisitely perfect composition; the criticism to which we demurred in Dr. Watts would exactly describe the poems of Rogers. Very often we feel that the condensed nature of the volume precludes the possibility of sufficient copiousness, and, assuredly, some writers have more than their share, and others less. Thomas Carlyle is only mentioned—there are even more words devoted to William Hone; Porson, Lamb, and Sydney Smith are copious in comparison; and how can Dr. Angus reconcile himself to the estimating Sir Bulwer Lytton as a writer, simply of “sarcastic views of character and society in high life,” and place his works as belonging to the same class as Mrs. Marsh, and Lady Fullerton, and the *Vanity Fair* of Thackeray. Mrs. Marsh's amiable and delightful pages contain no sarcastic views of life, nor are they at all paintings of high life. Lady Fullerton's are devoted solely to high church views and purposes: and as to Thackeray, he is Thackeray *sui generis*; he has no likeness in our language. John Keble again is an admirer of Wordsworth, without a doubt; but when Dr. Angus describes him as “an imitator,” we confess ourselves puzzled with an exceeding puzzling. But the book is a most valuable book; we find ourselves greatly in unity with the writer in many of his more lengthy estimates, and if it be open to some exceptions, this greatly arises from its inclusiveness. There is scarcely a writer of any respectability whose name will not be found in this index. We could even wish that in some future edition, some names should be dropped out, unless a more careful revision could give to each the estimate required for a work so admirable and necessary.

WE very much like the appearance of *Share and Share alike*; or, *the Grand Principle*. By Mrs. Ellis, Authoress of the

Women of England—(Jackson, Walford, and Hodder).—There is a newness in the architecture of the book, and in the pleasant working out of its semi-allegory and entire story, which inclines us to think it may be very useful. Its excellent authoress has written it principally with the idea that it may be read aloud to gatherings of working-people, and that it may be suitable for what are called *Penny Readings*. Penny readings have been sadly abused, and good as is the notion they certainly, we believe, have been sometimes as mischievous as at others they have been useful. We should be well pleased that multitudes should come together to hear these pages read. The sentences are terse and strong, and the hearers, when they find themselves in the village of Grumbleton, and the parish of Discontent, will, we fear, find themselves quite at home; and Ben Bent, William Wait, and his wife Hannah, Bill Bright, and that growling old Susan Sucker, Molly Muddle, and her niece, Fanny Frill, and Sam Sly, and James the Just, and Walter Worthy, will all seem to be very well-known characters. We advise many a village minister to get this little book and read it in the schoolroom to his people—taking care, of course, to read it well, with real humour—and we can fancy the pleasant, cheerful roars of laughter with which, in some passages, he will be greeted. The book most happily realizes its intention and idea, and is well-fitted to be useful, whether for personal or public reading.

WE have been pleased to meet a favourite writer in his *Thoughts at Seventy-nine*. By the Author of *Thoughts on Devotion*. *An Autumn Dream*, &c., &c.—(Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—The title is the only thing that can shade this lovable little book. It is always a pleasure to meet the venerable John Shepherd; there is so much wisdom and seriousness, such an extensive mental furniture, and such pleasing elegance of expression, that to sit down with him in his pages, must convey to the reader a quiet but powerful sense of pleasure. In this small volume, many topics are discussed, and light is shed on each topic in turn. It is a collection of papers, we can suppose, written at different intervals of time. "Theism;" "The Image of the Invisible;" "Conscience and its Perversions;" and several papers, suggestive and useful, on "The Relation of the Christian to his Money;" also some metrical prayers, and translations from the German of Herder. These *Thoughts at Seventy-nine* are, many of them, very vigorous. The writer says, "the reader is not to expect vivacity, inventiveness, or the illustrative variety which belong to earlier days." Whether the readers expect these things or not, if he have the art of

reading, he will find them all. We must put two or three of these strong *Thoughts at Seventy-nine* in the way of our readers. Here is one. We have been compelled to italicise a sentiment which, we believe, is most precious true, although seldom recognized.

To communicate a good thought—cheering, edifying, monitory, calculated to guide, console, or strengthen in the path to heaven—is one of the best tokens and acts of Christian kindness.

It is better, though less gratifying perhaps to momentary feeling, than all words and assurances of esteem or endearment. Indeed, if thoroughly sincere, it is virtually a synonym and even more than an equivalent, of all such words and assurances, implying the truest sentiments of a friendliness and benevolence, which extend far, nay endlessly, beyond the boundary of Time.

And surely this is very vigorous, on thought, as a proof of the one Infinite thought.

Further, in proportion to whatever the power or capacity of my intellect might be (suppose it that of Newton or La Place), would my conception or measure of that which caused and upholds it be enlarged. The mind which could master the highest mathematics, or the most subtle metaphysics, would have an idea of that Mind which originated all its knowledge and capacity, vastly more great and elevated than a narrow and uncultured mind could possess. But, moreover, I know by the testimony both of their oral and written thoughts, that multitudes of minds have been intellectually exercised in ways unnumbered; for what sane man could believe that the speeches which he hears in a debate came from no real speakers, or that the volumes on his bookshelves were produced without thinkers? From the existence and activity of many minds I must needs infer the intellectual existence and activity, unspeakably more marvellous and energetic, of that Mind which caused and actuated them all. The intelligent action of all thinking beings who are not self-caused is, in other words, the intelligent action of the One who caused and sustains both it and them. Therefore, to ascertain His existence, I am not under a necessity to explore the stars, or the organized creatures, or my own bodily structure. All these, indeed, declare His glory, affording countless arguments of his being and attributes, and contribute to one cumulative mass of proof. But, apart from these, contemplating my own and other *minds* alone, I may strongly infer that because we think and exist, He has first thought and existed who has caused us to think and be, and that inasmuch as we now exist, He still exists; that "in Him we live and move and are." All the persons in the world, all their thoughts, counsels, inventions, intellectual actings are but *effects*. Both they and their predecessors or antecedents must have had a similar intelligent and vastly superior Cause. In themselves they are and have been mere sequences.

Had they no like and higher antecedent? "He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not He know?" Can all conscious minds, and the actings and volitions of all, in their incalculable diversity and subtlety, have been caused by an *unconscious, unthinking, somewhat*—be it electric, magnetic, or otherwise? Whether so or not, the question follows,—What or who caused or actuated that miraculous cause? and the answer must be, The Self-existent Mind.

How good the following, on the economy of life, and its powers; though we may say, while we quite believe with the venerable author, the possibility of such economy we have long felt to be nearly *impossible*.

The zealous Puritan's plea for not sparing his health—"Candles were made to burn,"—and the devout Romanist's argument for ceaseless toil—"Shall we not have eternity to rest in?"—may be good so far as they serve to stimulate the slothful; but they cannot vindicate carelessness as to health and life. Candles were not made to burn too fast, or at both ends, nor to be carried in the storm and blown out; neither does the rest of eternity supersede the need of rest in time, and in *due* time, *i.e.* sometime before midnight. Exhausting effort, and rash exposure to the causes of accident or illness, must be reckoned bad economy, or improper hazarding, of God's loans to us, and therefore, forgetfulness of our stewardship. We have no right to overtask or to distract the mind, nor to expose ourselves to bodily danger without a distinct call of duty: since neither our minds or bodies are our own, but are bought with a price. Our friends and neighbours, also, have a sort of property or interest in them, which it is unjust in us to neglect, or not to recognise.

And, finally, here is a comfortable thought, beneath which we may lie down, and it is not a Jonah's gourd either.

I had much rather be left to what some term "the uncovenanted mercies of God," than to the covenanted mercies of some men—even of some good and devout men—of every or any communion, when their theological creed has full, unhesitating sway.

We are very thankful for this little, weighty, valuable book. "There are some books of gold," said John Newton, "and some of silver; but the Bible is a book of bank-notes." *Thoughts at Seventy-nine* is a little nugget of gold; not much of it, but what there is of it—*gold*.
